THE

AMOROUS

# GALLANT:

OR,

# Love in Fashion.

A

# COMEDIE,

IN

HEROICK VERSE,

As it was Acted.

*LONDON:*

Printed by *J. C.* for *William Crook*, at the *Green Dragon* without *Temple-bar*. 1675.

## The Persons.

| | |
|---|---|
| ARGANTE, | *Father to* Dorothea. |
| ORONTUS, | *An Amorous Gallant.* |
| FLORAME, | *In love with* Lucia. |
| ERASTES, | *In love with* Dorothea. |
| DOROTHEA, | *Daughter to* Argante. |
| LUCIA, | *Sister to* Eraste. |
| LYSET, | *Waiting-woman to* Dorothea. |
| CLITON, | *Servant to* Orontus; *a merry droling fellow.* |
| LYCAS, | *Servant to* Florame. |
| LYSTOR, | *Servant to* Eraste. |

The Scene is *LONDON.*

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

# The Amorous GALLANT;
OR,
# Love in Fashion.

## ACTUS I. SCENA I.

### ORONTUS. CLITON.

*Or.* HAst done my Message? *Cl.* Yes, Sir. *Oron.* And convey'd
My Letter to the hands of the fair Maid?
*Cl.* To her own, Sir. *Or.* And she, i'll warrant, paus'd
E're she would read the torments her eyes caus'd;
Would have return'd it coldly back, and feign'd---
*Cl.* Quite contrary, without being constrain'd;
Without demurs, or ifs, or ands, or stops,
She read it thr'ough. *Or.* This was above my hopes!
'Tis more than my fond heart could dare believe;
And she scorns not, for ought I can perceive.
*Cl. Cupid*, with's keenness Shaft, her heart did hit;
And you have, this time, more Success than Wit.
*Or.* 'Bove expectation! *Cl.* In what you design'd,
You have the Tyde both for you, and the Winde:
You sail in a smooth Sea, and may go far,
Unless some Rival-pyrate prove a bar.
*Or.* Thou know'st what Wracks my Vessel's subject to.
*Cl.* From all poor fears, here's that will secure you.
*Or.* What is't? *Cl.* Letter for letter, Favour for
Favour. *Or.* What hath she answer'd? *Cl.* Yes Sir, or
I'm much mistaken, for I long did stay,
Till this kind Paper brought me glad away.
*Or.* Let's open't, all my hopes I here shall see. { *Reads a line or two to himself.*
I wrote in Verse, in Verse she answers me:

She's skil'd in all perfections the world knows.
*Cl.* Yes, Ladies now can do't in Verse or Prose:
They handle any good thing well of late;
So great perfection's in our Female state.

*In barture of your Love, which you do prize so high,* *Or.* reads
Orontus, *you have dar'd presume to ask me mine;* the Let.
*Tho I sometimes admit of Love, indeed yet I*
*Mean it shall cost me nought, else I should soon decline.*

*To give you heart for heart, such an exchange would be,*
*No merit ever durst aspire so high before:*
*You proffer homage here, 'cause you my worth do see:*
*And I your service own; Why should you whyne for more?*

*I shall not value yours, at any higher rate.*
*Can it be justly thought, your Love should be more great?*
*Then let us cast accompt exact without deceit,*
*That neither be Trapan'd, and after cry, a Cheat!*

*If those heart-renting sighs, which you do breathe so oft,*
*Do flatter you with hopes, I shall your Sute approve;*
*Believe me, when I say, my breast is not so soft;*
*Nor does a thousand sighs weigh one poor grain of Love.*

*However let us try, put your sighs in one scale,*
*And in the other lay, the honour of my Chains:*
*Swear to abide the test; if my weights chance to fail,*
*I'le add my heart thereto, and ease you of your pains.*

DOROTHEA.

Her Answer is as subtil as 'tis witty;
Such superficial arrogancy's pretty.
This charming pride of her affected stile,
Throws as strong Chains upon me, as her smile.
*Cl.* Your Song was shrill, the Eccho answers loud.
*Or.* Nor is it strange to me, that she seems proud:

'Tis

'Tis like to like, my Letter boasted mine;
And she in her's, makes her own Merits shine.
*Cl.* Strange, or not strange, y'are paid in your own Art.
*Or.* It was the surest way to take my heart.
Presumption, in a Woman that begins
To weild Love's Scepter, best her Subjects wins:
It speaks her pow'r and grandeur, puts her Worth
Upon it's Throne; sets all her Glories forth:
Teaching us, we must humbly wait below,
And e're a favour she on us bestow,
By fair degrees of service, we should strive,
Unto some height of Merit to arrive.
So 'tis no fault; brave Spirits count it none;
Or else they find it a most pleasing one.
My humour's such, that as I had before
Priz'd my self much, I'd have her prize her more.
I like they should, in a slight fashion
Look coyly in Our new-born passion;
An shew us 'tis no easie task to win
The Fort, nor should one Summons let us in.
Those that meet no resistance on one part,
Not bravely gain, but poorly beg a heart:
And she whose easiness takes up no shield,
Rather to pitty does, then merit yield.
I scorn so tame a purchase; for in short,
There most I love, where I have paid most for't.
All cheap Commodities I still despise.
*Cl.* Strange Trader in these Love-commodities!
But *Flora*, what of her? *Or.* She's ill attended,
Her froward humour hath her Raign soon ended.
*Cl.* And yet, Sir, you love to be roughly us'd?
*Or.* Yes, but provided I be not abus'd,
No Rival set above me; Or if she
Seem scornful, let her scorn still noble be:
Let her reproach my want of worth or fame,
So to encrease, not quench the growing flame.
But *Dorothea*, though a while she may
Dissemble openly, her heart does say

In ſecret, I do love: though ſhe deny
It to the world; 'tis womens policy
To appear nice. So though ſhe'll not avow
Her heart ſubmits, I'm ſure ſhe loves me now.
The title of invincible's laid down;
I meaſure her thoughts as I do my own.
*Cl.* No doubt, you think ſo; you have faith good ſtore,
And thanks to heav'n! one exc'lent Vertue more!
You ſtoop at all Game. *Or.* I! *Cl.* Yes, you,--- pray be
Not Angry, for all this I know and ſee:
And is not this a Prize of great regard,
Part of one heart amongſt a thouſand ſhar'd?
*Or.* Nay, that's too many. *Cl.* Reckon,--- let me ſee.
*Or.* Why, then i-faith, I've this day lov'd but three;
And of thoſe three, that thou may'ſt be diſprov'd,
This being lovelieſt, Now is only lov'd.
*Cl.* If ſo, Nay then her fortune's very fair:
But three, and --- *Or.* Peace! --- I ſpy *Eraſtes* there.
*Cl.* Something of moment leads him here apace.

## Scene II.

### ORONTUS, ERASTES, CLITON.

*Or.* FRiend, I read Joy upon your tell-tale face.
*Er.* There's much more in my heart, I've got the day
Of a ſtern beauty; after much delay,
And fierce repulſes, my moſt faithful flame
Will crown me with her happy Bridegrooms name.
*Or.* What, have you lov'd, and kept the fire ſo hid?
*Er.* Diſcretion does diſcoveries forbid.
*Or.* Yet, friendſhip ſomewhat claims. *Er.* 'Tis very true,
It does, and warrants this addreſs to you,
Whereby I ſhall this myſtery unlock,
And give you the full knowledge: ere you knock
At my hearts cloſet know, the Lady, then,
Whoſe love makes me the happieſt of men,
This morning as a favour ſent to me
A Letter, which, although it dubiouſly

Does

Does ſeem to ſpeak, yet nothing leſs than Love
Could dictate it, or her quaint Pen thus move,
For ſhe that writes in ſuch a pleaſant ſtile
Is yielding, though ſhe parley yet a while.
*Or.* So that your courtſhip ſhall its ends acquire?
*Er.* Let me obtain of you but one deſire,
And it compleats my Wiſhes. *Or.* Sir, to doubt
My readineſs would wrong me. *Er.* Hear me out.
This Embaſſie's un-anſwer'd yet, and will
Without aſſiſtance be un-anſwer'd ſtill:
'Tis writ in drolling Verſe, and ſuch a ſtrain
As does ſurpaſs the reach of my weak brain.
Pray write it for me. *Or.* Sir, my former care
In often ſerving you, ſhall make me ſpare
All complement: I never could deny
To do a friend ſo ſlight a courteſy.
I'le do't, and try my ſkill in Poetrie.
*Er.* This ſpeaks you noble, and obliges me.
Adieu. *Exit.*

## Scene III.

ORONTUS, CLITON.

*Cl.* A Fine requeſt, i'faith I ſay.
*Or.* Next this, may I not hope himſelf, one day,
Will come and court me, to make Love for him?
O, what a brave condition am I in!
Have I not reaſon confident to be
Of my own Sute, when ſuch crave help of me
To write Epiſtles? What thinkſt thou of it?
*Cl.* Why, Sir, I think, if it be want of Wit
In him to aſk, 'tis worſe in you to do.
*Or.* Thou ſpeakeſt freely. *Cl.* Shall I tell you true,
Now I perceive how wildly you engag'd
Your Talents for another, I'm enrag'd.
When neer ſome Beauty, I oft hear you ſwear
Your heart's poſſeſs'd only by her, though there

Are

Are forty more, have more room there than ſhe
Whom you court only for Varietie;
Meaning with Complement her Wit to prove,
Or rather ſhew your own Wit, in the Love
You do but feign for paſtime. Here, now I
Your Lies approve, 'cauſe for your ſelf you lye.
This I'm content with: But when there's no end
Except the feeble int'reſt of a friend,
That you ſhould lye for them! as if before
You had not ſins enough upon your ſcore!
For to ſay truth, how can you know his heart
That never knew your own? Yet on his part
You'll write he loves, are you ſure this is truth?
May he not feign? Yet you'll ſwear for this Youth.
*Or.* I might have wav'd it very eaſily,
And any elſe had been deni'd; but I
Knowing him *Lucia*'s brother, One o'th' three
Whoſe almoſt equal Beauties tempted me:
And alſo knowing, he a neighbour dwells
Neer *Dorothea*, who ſomewhat excells
At preſent, 'cauſe moſt kind, could not refuſe
Him, whom ſometimes as Brother, I may uſe,
Sometimes as Neighbour. *Cl.* This was well foreſeen,
And afar off! *Or.* The dulleſt Souls have been
Sometimes moſt uſeful: And 'twas this indeed
Made me ſo ſoon reſolve to help his need.
But, whilſt I talk, my Taſk I quite forget;
Come, let's examine how ſhe does him treat.
*Cl.* Perhaps ſhe jeers him. *Or.* I dare ſwear't almoſt;
Or if ſhe ſooths him, 'twill be to his coſt.

*He opens the Letter* Eraſtes *left with him, and reads.*

*In barture of your Love, which you do prize ſo high,*
Eraſtes, *you have dar'd preſume to ask me mine.*
*Sometimes I may admit of Love indeed, yet I*
*Mean it ſhall coſt me nought, elſe I ſhould ſoon decline.*

*To give you heart* ---------

Have I took one for t'other?

*He takes out his own Letter and confronts with this which* Eraſtes *left.*

*Cl.* Yes, ſure, for Twins are not more like each other.

*Or.*

*Or.* Ne're did my Opticks meet the like surprize;
'Tis word for word the same, if I have eyes.
Nay, having well examin'd, now I see
If mine's th' Original, this must Copy be:
Both writ by the same hand i'faith. --- *Cl.* And troth,
She finds one block doth fit the heads of both.
No matter though; *Your* Dorothea *may*
*Dissemble*,--well guess'd,--*Yet her Heart does say*
*In secret*, (as this plainly now does prove)
ORONTUS *IS THE ONLY SPARK I LOVE.*
*The Pride of her affected Lines*,--you know,--
*Was the best Snare to catch your Heart*--for though,
*She seem'd to Drole with Love in a new stile*,
*It was true Love did dictate all the while.*
O! Might I laugh before my Master now?
*Or.* Do, I'll not hinder; prethee laugh on, do,
Laugh loud, i'll laugh my self, and ne're be sad.
*Cl.* Off with your Vizard,--why, it makes me mad
For your sake; and can you set this good face
On such ill luck! Curse her! for in this case,
Constraint will sorrow swell. Oh! 'tis most rare;
Good lord, Sir, how contented you still are!
A subtle Wooer, Fox-like's full of Wyles:
But she is subt'ler far, that him beguiles.
No Wit to Woman's; where you thought to take,
Your self's beguil'd. This were enough to make
One hang himself. *Or.* 'Tis somewhat odd, and I
Confess a Punie might sigh dolefully;
Then thump his breast, Void of experience;
Accuse his squinting Planets influence.
But, I, who understand the ways of Love,
Such trivial chances never shall me move.
If ev'ry Object please, What loss is One?
I'm ne're inslav'd, my heart still keeps its own:
To give or take, to gain, or else to loose,
Prepar'd; then at the least Repulse I choose
A new; Nay, whatsoever I proclaim
To them, I still am Master of my flame.

Thus divers Objects ev'ry day does bring
Fresh satisfaction to my Mind, the thing
I solely aim at: And let none explode
Me for't; tho it seem strange, 'tis *A-la-mode.*
*Cl.* Preserve this humour, you may need it still.
*Or.* My crosses ne're sunk deeper, nor e're will.
If one prove false, another's Love is sure;
And I for every grief do finde a cure;
Hence comes the gain t'have Mistresses in store.
*Cl. Hylas*, when living, understood not more.
*Or.* His Fancie, tho differ'd from mine, for I
Love where I'm lov'd without inconstancie:
But if their lightness make them in the end
Love change, in troth, I'm so much my own friend,
I dare not harbour trouble in my brest;
But, without whyning, keep my heart at rest,
By filling up the vacant place again,
With new Ones; so 'tis all one, Shine or Rain.
*Cl.* Your heart at this rate yields a good Rent Sir.
*Or.* It does, now *Luce* has half, I've given't her:
And such as 'tis, there's many envy me.
*Cl.* But why divided? good Sir, let it be
Intirely hers, or give her no room there,
Lest she neglect your flame too, for I fear
This Madam *Lucia*, tho as yet she smile,
May, like the other, in the end beguile.
*Or.* I have no cause to doubt this should prove so;
*Lucia* did still with judgment act, you know.
Her conduct's regular; she's Modest, Wise,
Above the fears of paltry Jealousies.
I only finde in her one grand default.
*Cl.* What is't? *Or.* Why, she loves me, more than she ought.
*Cl.* A grand default indeed! *Or.* 'Tis I declare,
For Lovers quarrels ever Lovely are:
'Tis pleasing, when the Object we do love
Seems to suspect our Vows, our faith to prove:
By this our int'rest is more fortified;

So that whatever Storms such doubts can breed,
The Calm's more sweet, when Pardon does succeed.
And then, fresh Favours meeting in the close,
Needs must th' accus'd gain, more than he can loose:
But where a Lovers Wishes glutted are,
No Peace is made, 'cause there was never War.
A dull and sated Lover, lives at's ease,
Serves but by habit, takes no thought to please;
Keeps the old Road, but strives for nothing new;
'Tis ever, *You love me, And I love you.*
Who would not hate that gross and vulgar Trade?
*Cl.* Rare are the Observations you have made;
You studi'd this Point well it does appear.

## Scene IV.

### ORONTUS, FLORAME, CLITON.

*Fl.* FRiend, I am happy thus to find you here;
I sought you all about. *Or.* What would *Florame?*
*Fl.* Tell you the Secret of my Am'rous flame.
*Or.* Some Love-intrigue? *Fl.* It is so, I am now
Destin'd to Marriage by a Fathers Vow;
And though he found me irresolv'd to this,
In secret it by him concluded is.
The Party's Gallant, of a Noble Strain;
But, Oh! another in my Soul doth Raign.
And whatsoever obstacles arise,
My Heart's not mine, but while 'tis *Lucia's* prize.
*Or. Lucia's?* *Fl.* There's reason why you should admire.
*Cl. There's my brave Gallant, out o'th' Pan i'th' Fire.* (Aside.
*Fl.* The old contest which from her Brother parts
My company, might well divide our hearts.
But all such slight impediments are vain
T'oppose his Laws, who is sole Soveraign.
Love by his Tyranny subdues us still,
Summon, we yield; Obey, ask what he will.

Who

Who as he liſt, tho blind and young, yet knows
When, and to whom our hearts he will diſpoſe.
Thus ſpite of int'reſt, *Love* my hate diſmiſt,
Nor can I longer *Lucia*'s charms reſiſt:
Tho, to attain unto my wiſhed End,
Time is my greateſt hope, and ſureſt friend.
*Or.* That may alone her brothers hate ſubdue;
Time ſtranger things effects. *Fl.* It's very true,
I do expect that Miracle from it.
In the mean while, this Night the time is ſet
By *Lucia*'s Maid, who at my Rendezvous,
Upon a ſigne, lets me into their houſe:
Where, by her ſweet converſe, ſhe'll bleſs my flame.
But, ſince the place ſuſpicious is, I came
To beg your company; Say? ſhall I ſpeed?
*Or.* You ſhall, I never fail'd a friend at need.
*Fl.* At your own home I'll call.

*Exit.*

## SCENE V.

### ORONTUS, CLITON.

*Cl.* *She's Modeſt, Wiſe,*
*Above the fears of petty Jealouſies:*
*Her Conduct's regular; and hating this*
*Grand fault, That ſhe too much your Lover is;*
She's exquiſite in other Qualities.
*Or.* Now you'll repeat twenty new fooleries.
*Cl.* *None other ever her eſteem could get.*
Say, now, Sir, Does it make you ſtark Mad yet?
*Or.* What? *Cl.* So diſguiz'd, Sir, will you ever be?
Y'are Mad, I ſay, Or elſe the Dev'l take me:
Not Mad, and loſe two Loves both in one Day?
*Or.* This only ſets me a New Game to play:
And ſoon as e're *Lucia* or *Doll* I ſee—
*Cl.* What you'll ſpeak to'um. *Or.* Yes, infalliblie:
I long to meet'um, Then will I ſet forth
My Paſſion to the height of Zeal and Worth:

First,

First, ſhall my Sighs begin to charm their Ears;
And if they fruitleſs prove, I'll uſe my Tears:
Then thouſand Sobbs, next, ſhall them entertain;
Yet all this while, my Heart ſhall feel no pain:
Laſt, Death I'll ſummon too, for my redreſs;
Yet, Joy to ſee another them poſſeſs.
*Cl.* Tho ever with you, y'are above my ken.
*Or.* Patience a while, thou't know me fully then.
In th'interim, this place is not ſo ill,
But I know where to play my Reſt on ſtill.
*Cl.* And you think ſome will hear, and yet give eaſe?
*Or.* Yes, *Cliton*, with much gladneſs, when I pleaſe.
Laſt night a certain Brown-Laſs took my Eye,
And was the Object of my Gallantry
For a long ſpace, whilſt we walk'd in the cool
Shade of St. *James*'s, where ſo much a Fool
I was to proffer her my Diamond-Ring:
My new Acquaintance ſoon accepts the thing;
Tho all, I from this Beauty could command
Then, was to wait her home, and kiſs her Hand.
*Cl.* And you went in? *Or.* No, ſhe for reaſons then
Forbid, but, bid me this day come agen.
It ſatisfi'd me, I her houſe did know;
Now ſhe expects my Viſit, and I'll go:
She might unkindly take it, ſhould I miſs.
Follow,--this turning brings us where it is.
*Cl.* E're you go further, One word, good Sir, yet.
She's blithe? *Or.* Yes, wonderful. *Cl.* And call'd? *Or. Lyſet.*
*Cl.* March off, march off, your Viſit's at an end.
*Or.* Raſcal. ------ *Cl.* March off, I pray; none can pretend:
None has to do with her. *Or.* Why? *Cl.* Sir, I know.
*Or.* She promis'd me this day. ------ *Cl.* 'Twas craft, if ſo.
*Or.* You know her well, then? *Cl.* Yes, too well for me;
She is my Miſtriſs, Sir, ſhe is my She.
*Or.* She has a Lady's Dreſs and Garb. *Cl.* T'my ſorrow,
Her pride confounds all I can beg, ſteal, borrow;
And having found my Purſe now ebb'd too low,
To ſerve a Lady, ſhe this day did go.

What Lady? *Cl.* This night, Sir, she will me tell.
Mean time, changing your Course you would do well,
For if your hopes are all on *Lyset* plac't,
Indeed 'twill prove, labour in vain, at last.
Your heart being vacant, therefore, you may hire
It out agen, to she, shall first inquire.
*Or.* Spite of the fatal shock, thy news does bring,
Soon shalt thou see't, well furnished agin.
*Cl.* A thousand new Ones, may solicite-ye;
But who believes't not, shall not damned be.
Pray vaunt not, though, your great skill any more;
This morn, you had three Mistrisses in store;
The whole Sex seem'd engross'd by you alone;
And in a Moment, *Presto*, all are gone!
*Or.* You should not Judgment on appearance give.
*Cl.* Sir, you do well, yet upon hopes to live:
Troubles are light to those thereon can feed.
*Or* 'Twere ill done to reject hope in my need,
Since to regain the two first, happily,
Suspicion does combine with Jealosie:
And to bring *Lyset* to my Lure, this Spell
Of Gold and sparkling Jewels promise well.
These oft work Wonders, more than you expect.
But stay, *Eraste*'s Letter I neglect.
I must go home and Write.---- Come. *Cl.* Now I say,
If I know ought, you'l vanquish every way.
*Or.* Let Time work out my Ends, swear not at all;
Expect the Issue, 'Tis the *End Crowns all.*

## *ACT* II. SCENE I.

FLORAME, LUCIA, LYCAS.

*Fl.* MEet my respects with so severe an Eye?
*Lu.* To you *Florame*, 'tis due severity.

*Fl.*

*Fl.* When will you treat with more compaſſion?
*Lu.* When you ceaſe off ring me, what's not your own.
*Fl.* My Love-ſick heart gains little, all this while.
*Lu.* I'll not enrich my ſelf with others ſpoil.
*Fl.* How ſhamefully you do my Faith ſuſpect.
*Lu.* Inconſtant men, no better can expect.
*Fl.* What, have I dar'd ſome other Face adore?
*Lu.* It is not fit that I ſhould tell you more.
Tho indiſcreet our Sex eſteemed be,
*Florame*, I promiſed ſtrict ſecreſie.
*Fl.* Some perſon near you does me an ill turn;
But all is vain againſt me, ſtill I burn
For you, Dear *Lucia*, Heaven's my Witneſs, I.
*Lu.* When I require, your ſelf then juſtifie.
Pray leave me now, for many eyes do ſee
Us here, and that may much diſcredit me.
More talk at preſent in this place may prove
Loſs to my Honour, no gain to your Love.
*Fl.* This coyneſs quells my Joys, and makes me grieve:
Yet I obey, but, What muſt I believe?
*Lu.* That I not cruel am, but ſtill preſerve
As much eſteem for you, as you deſerve.
*Fl.* To this eſteem add but ſome Love withal.
*Lu.* pretend to others right were criminal;
I told you that before. *Fl.* Would you ſpeak clear. ----
*Lu.* I do believe this may obſcure appear:
But if your Soul herein its troubles find,
Conſult but *Dorothea* t'eaſe your mind,
She knows the Myſtery. Adieu. -------

*Exit*

## SCENE II.

FLORAME, LYCAS.

*Fl.* ALL's loſt!
Whence knows ſhe this intended Match, that croſt

My

My will so much, tho by a Father press'd?
*Lyc.* Is ought so secret, it may not be guess'd?
It may be *Dorothea* brags through pride.
*Fl.* No, she the issue dreads too, on her side:
For if the troubles on her face speak true,
Not Love, but Duty makes her yield thereto.
*Lyc.* What are your hopes, Sir, then? *Fl.* Love still, and dye,
Rather than Change shall stain my constancy.
My mournful Story yet may *Lucia* move.
*Lyc.* True, but, Where can you meet to tell your Love,
And not be spy'd? Her Brother and you are
At enmitie, so that must be a bar
To keep you from the house; and should you meet,
Guided by Love, at Church, or in the Street,
The many Witnesses at th'interview,
Would scarce oblige her to hear all from you.
*Fl.* All this I know, too well, and 'tis my grief:
Nor is it thus, I do expect relief.
Who can presume, since this Denial, she
Would openly give willing ear to me?
But, with great Presents, I her woman late
Have brib'd, who now is my confederate,
And this night, th'rough a back-door brings me, where
I'll hast my Triumph, or my Doom to hear.
There in my Transports, at her feet, I'll lie,
And beg her Sentence, Or to live, or die.
So this night Love or Hate shall me befriend:
If Love, it ends my griefs; Hate life shall end.
*Lyc.* But, should your two hearts joyn to one intent,
How can you hope *Erastes* shall consent?
*Fl.* Those petty Quarrels, haste does oft engage
Us in, are best made up by Marriage.
*Lycas*, if I could bring it but so neer?
*Lyc.* But----then again. ------ *Fl.* Thou But'st it every where:
Allow some hopes, at least, with all thy talk.
Stay, who leads yonder Lady down this Walk?
It's *Dorothea!* Gods! let's steal aside.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE

## SCENE III.

### DOROTHEA, LYSET.

*Dor.* THis pleasant Walk shews Nature in her Pride.
*Lys.* About this time the Gentry use t'appear.
*Dor.* This is their Rendezvous, they all flock here;
Especially those Gallants, who each night
In telling their Amours take great delight:
Which is to say, *Lyset*, so many Lies.
*Lys.* Indeed, I think, th'are most but Rallaries.
*Dor.* True, here they come, and their Love-tales relate;
And I, like others, come to hear 'um prate:
But, so deceitful th'are, 'tis Loves disease!
Yet we must quit the world, or strive to please.
For Beauty a sad Ornament would prove,
Did it not others charm, and gain their love.
The sweetest Features which a face adorn,
Without this quality, lives but forlorn:
Like hidden Treasures, they for nothing serve,
While Miser-like, the rich, they pine and sterve.
I have my Method, and I like it well;
I study to please all, if possible;
Endeavour by all means so fair to be,
That they may like me well, and tell it me.
Those pretious qualities I little prize,
Whose hidden Lustre dazles not all Eyes.
Not, that I am so easie to be won;
Whyning ne're moves me to soft passion:
Affected sadness is a fruitless art;
Their sighs do much more cool, than warm my heart.
My courage, prompted by ours Sexes Pride,
Makes me maintain th'advantage on Our side
By my imperious carriage, and some scorn;
For knowing We to give men Laws were born,
I make those feel the weight that wear my Chain,
Imposing on them, as their Soveraign.

Or if their griefs I flatter,--I neer ſtoop,
But make them court long for a little Hope;
And that's the grand reward they gain at laſt,
For all their Paſſion, and their ſervice paſt.
*Lyſ.* Strange kind of Method this muſt ſurely prove!
*Dor.* 'Tis now in uſe, and as we ought to love.
If we bend ne're ſo little, we expoſe
Our hearts to the proud Triumph of our Foes.
A flatter'd Lover ſwell'd with Victory,
Blots all Submiſſion out of Memory.
To keep him ſtill our ſlave, he muſt be croſt,
And frown'd upon,--Theſe Fetters off, he's loſt!
*Lyſ.* And with ſuch Empire you reſt ſatisfi'd?
*Dor.* I ſhall confeſs,--what yet ſome ſhame would hide.
But ſince one day gains thee ſo much good will,
Hear all diſcreetly,--but be ſecret ſtill.
*Lyſ.* If one day be too ſhort my Faith to try,
More time ſhall make good my fidelity,
And ſhow your ſecrets ſafe with me remain.
*Dor.* Then know, that men are now become ſo vain,
That for this Month,--nay more I might have ſaid,
Hardly three Lovers have me Homage paid.
Of theſe, the one wooes me to be his Wife;
Which I ſo fear, it makes me hate my life.
My Father for *Florame*, conſent would get;
The man I prize for Wealth, for Meen, for Wit:
But whatſoever Pleas *Hymen* can bring,
I dread that Slave, that ſhould become my King!
Next, there's *Eraſtes* a brave Gallant, whom I
Think for a need, for conſtancie would die;
But,--he ſo out of Mode and Courtſhip is,
He may compare with any *Amadis*.
'Tis true,--ſince that, *Oronte*'s late defeat
Makes his low Triumph up, he's ſo compleat.
*Lyſ.* That Blade your ſervant? *Dor.* Is he known to thee?
*Lyſ.* I've heard him prais'd. *Dor.* O! how he pleaſes me!
An Air ſo noble, Garb ſo full of ſtate;
So gay a Humour, ne're importunate.

His

His Voice so charming, his Converse so rare,
Speaking so well, yet Writing better far!
His Glory all to his own Vertue owes;
Knows his great Worth, not proud of what he knows.
Somewhat for him I feel,--more than I'll tell;
And would he still sigh for me, it were well.
Although I dearly love to keep my heart,
I might at length resolve with it to part.
From whence, judge what condition I am in.
*Lys.* One of these Tickets came not then from him? {*Lys. shewing the two Letters.*
Since you neglect to read it all this while.
*Dor.* Give me'um, *Lyset*, and prepare to smile.
(Which just deliver'd as from home I came,
I had not time till now to read the same.)
And though *Orontus* is concern'd i'th' jest,
It well deserves our laughter, I protest.
He and *Eraste* here send their Loves;--and in troth
'Tis the same Letter they do Answer both.
*Lys.* How? *Dor.* 'Tis an accident may breed delight.
This morning I did to *Orontus* Write;
When finding it would fit the other,--straight
(Glad to oblige him at so cheap a rate)
I did Transcribe it, without more ado,
And so dispatch'd him with that Copy too.
What Answer, now, his slender Wit does give, {*She breaks open* Eraste's *Letter.*
I long do read. Ha! Verses, as I live!
I knew not he could Rhime. *Lys.* Some ends of Plays,
Or Leaves dropt from old Poets wither'd Bays:
Wherewith each Youngster now does Deck his head,
To be on all occasions furnished.
*Transparent Beauty, whose most open heart!* (*Dor.* reads.)
That's such a conjuring Phrase, it makes me start!
*Your Soul unto the bottom makes me see.*
'Tis well begun,--Ridiculous Poetrie.
But leave that there,--The other I'll peruse:
*Orontus* Answers with a smoother Muse;
And I dare wager, e're I look thereon,
Each Line will claim our Admiration.

How different from that his ſtyle will be?
*Lyſ.* How well this thought of his Tranſparencie?
*Tranſparent Beauty.* *Lyſ.* Then 'tis good and new, (*Dor. reads Or. Let.*
If wiſe *Orontus* uſe Tranſparent too.
*Whoſe open heart.* Ha! what have I got here! (*Dor.* reads.
This ſpeaks the ſame! *Lyſ.* I think 'twill ſo appear.
*Dor.* No matter, I'll ſee all; let us compare:
Read you *Eraſtes*'s, this will ſhew what they are.

*TRanſparent Beauty, whoſe moſt open heart* } *Lyſet* reads
*The bottom of your Soul does make me ſee,* } the Letter.
*Now I confeſs, of me you have the ſtart,*
*Since in your breaſt my Heart lives doubtfullie.*

*I thought it ſhould have found its Palace there,*
*Where you did mean to treat it as your King;*
*But I have mourn'd, ſob'd, ſigh'd, dropt many a Tear,*
*And ſtill have languiſh'd without profiting.*

*Yet will I not account at all with you;*
*What you propound will be but to your ſhame:*
*Could you for ev'ry ſigh and ſhow'r that's due,*
*Stand debtor, it the Reck'ning would inflame.*

*My doleful Sighs do ever make you ſmile,*
*Tho like a Tempeſt in my breaſt they throng:*
*Your Heart my weights diſdains; take heed the while,*
*Light as they are, th'out-weigh not yours e're long.*

*Dor.* This was deſign'd,--it does appear, too plain;
And 'tis *Orontus* only laid this Train.
*Eraſtes* is too dull. *Lyſ.* I'm of that minde:
But, now what difference of Style d'ye find?
*Dor.* Well, this ſame day without much more ado.
But, Gods!--My Father's here! *Lyſ.* With him, *Orontus* too.
*Dor.* He knows thee not,--then prethee ſtay,
Whilſt I aloof watch till he goes away;
Then when the old man going hence you ſee,
Speak to *Orontus*, that he ſtay for me. } *Pulling her Hood over her face.*
*Lyſ.* She leaves me here a pretty Part to Act.

SCENE.

## SCENE IV.

### ARGANTE, ORONTUS, LYSET.

*Arg.* IN fine, I've paſs'd my word for the Contract
With *Dorothea*; and by *Hymen* ſhe
Muſt to anothers Will ſubjected be.
In th'interim, it ſeems, you love her well,
And neer my Houſe oft ſtand as Sentinel:
A neighbour notes it, and does ſeem to ſcoff
At your vain Love; pray therefore break ſhort off.
The honour had been mine, if you, dear friend,
My ſon had prov'd; but now, you can't pretend.
*Or.* If by your houſe I ev'ry day appear,
A hundred others I oft ſpeak with there
Of Love, and they are no mean Beauties too.
But to explain----*Arg.* I know they talk how you
Love *Lucia* ſtill, our Neighbour; but ſince we
So tender of our Credit ought to be,
Pray do not force me, Sir, againſt my choice,
By ſuch deportment to make further noiſe.
Only forbearing eight days to appear,
Would ſtifle all the Whiſpers you bred here.
Adieu,--Pray ſtudy to give this content. *Exit.*
*Or.* A fair Remonſtrance, and to good intent.
How many Viſions does that age attend?

## SCENE V.

### ORONTUS, LYSET.

SSſt Ssſt---My Cavalier, turn this way friend.
*Or.* Who calls me? *Lyſ.* Sir, 'tis I,--do you not ſee?
*Or.* An Envious Cloud eclipſes you from me.
This Hood to me, does a ſtrange torment prove;
Should we Act thus? We, who each other Love?
*Lyſ.* A pretty complement, and ſhews much wit;
We Love each other then? *Or.* No doubt of it.
*Lyſ.* Well, I believe't for once, ſince you ſay ſo,
And ſure our equal Merits bred it;--Tho--

Till now I ignorant hereof did live.
*Or.* Nay, I my ſelf this ſcarcely yet perceive.
But Love's Almighty Power, as 'tis ſaid,
E're we can think on't, does our hearts invade.
And grant this Maxime true, you muſt allow't;
*We may each other Love, Yet hardly know't.*
*Lyſ.* You never want a paint to make all fair:
But e're this time I knew, Sir, what you were;
And how your beſt Affection moſt times is
Subject to caution;--But to clear all this,
Am I deceiv'd? *Or.* Is't thou? ah! ſweet ſurprize! } *She turn up her Hood.*
*Lyſet*, how Heav'n does this day bleſs my Eyes!
To meet thee I eſteem ſuch bliſs,--that-- *Lyſ.* Soft.
I know what fuel heats your breaſt too oft:
Hear but my haſty Meſſage, e're you ſtir.
*Or.* A Meſſage, and from whom? *Lyſ.* Your Miſtris, Sir.
*Or.* 'Tis then from thee. *Lyſ.* That's good,--but I muſt tell
How *Dorothea* ---- *Or.* O, I know't full well.
*Lyſ.* Permit --- *Or.* No, no, your cauſe of plaint I ſee;
You think her Beauty only Captives me:
But ne're all-arm thy ſelf, nor credit it.
I value leſs her Beauty, than her Wit;
Her counterfeited Graces leſs than theſe,
Whilſt thou art worth fifty ſuch *Dorothe*'s.
*Lyſ.* You think to jeer me thus,--but really,
I'm worth another, that's leſs worth than I.
*Or.* Thy Eyes have gain'd ſuch powe'r on me this day,
That --- *Lyſ.* I believe, yet more than you would ſay;
And will not now diſſemble, you ſhall ſee't.
For tho ſome Features here may ſeem leſs ſweet,
Yet, hath my face enough to breed delight,
And more inclines to tempt, than to affright.
This Air, nor Port, is like a Common Clown:
And I'm like ſomebody, when my Hood's down.
Look! *Or.* Thy gay humour makes thy Face more fair. } *She ſpies Clitou coming, and pulls her Hood over her Face.*

SCENE

## SCENE VI.

### ORONTUS, LYSET, CLITON.

*Cl.* IS't not my master with my Gossip there? *(Aside.*
*Lys.* What will he say, if *Cliton* know 'tis I? *(Aside.*
*Cl.* He shall let go his Prize, or tell me why. *(Aside.*
Quick, Sir, Quick, Quick,--lord, I am out of breath. *(To* Oron.
*Or.* What ailst? *Cl.* Sir, they are gone into the field of Death.
*Or.* Who? *Cl.* They will fight unless your succour come.
*Or.* What are they? *Cl. Florame* and *Erast*-- *Or.* I run.
A Moment brings me back. *Cl.* Gipsey! must you, *(To* Lys.
Because new cloath'd, play with these Feathers too? *(He points to* Or.
*Or.* Come, *Cliton*, come, their steps let's follow. *Cl.*--Sir,
One is enough. -- *Or.* Come! *Cl.* Not I,--I'll not stir.
Should we be forc'd to draw? *Or.* Rogue, must I drive?
*Cl.* You scape it fair, I'll teach you how to live. *(To* Lys.
*Exit ambo.*

*Lys.* His anger he will hardly long refrain.
But,--Where's my Mistriss, she comes not again?
I'll seek her out, and know what stops her there.
*Exit.*

## SCENE VII.

*Dor.* NEither *Orontus* nor *Lyset* appear? *(Enters from the other side of the Theatre, her Hood down.*
What strange capricious Fate guides me this day?
A Father frights me hence,--Who, when away,
By some mistake, I cannot apprehend.
*Orontus*, he, vouchsafes not to attend.
---But he returns. ——

SCENE

## Scene VIII.

### ORONTUS, DOROTHEA, CLITON.

*Or.* RAscal, if e're again.
, Sir, if *Lucia*-- *Or.* Buts, and ifs, are vain.
What then? could I think that you could divine
this might see y'at window,--by a signe?
if I had not thus all-arm'd you, what--
And why not stay? *Cl.* So I might have forgot:
know my Memory's short, and will forgive.
Peace!--stay you there. *Cl.* May I these eyes believe? (*Aside.*
but yet waits him? shall I suffer all!
Excuse that heat, which you blind Zeal might call. (*To* Dor.
Adam was false, and I return once more
swear I die for you, whom I adore,
tell you *Dorothea* needs must be
Object of disdain, whilst I know thee:
she's so dull a Beauty, I scarce come
her sight, but I am like to swoon.
The devil a word before me, she can find! (*Aside.*
This severe silence shews you too unkind:
without much more cruelty beside,
cannot still your Beauteous Face thus hide.
uld my weak eyes grow dazled with the light, } *She lifts up her*
ast--- *Dor.* Take heed you faint not at the sight! } *Hood.*
Madam, is't you? *Dor.* Became your Hate you sed.
Ha! Ha! Why, *Lyset*'s Metamorphosed!
Heav'n knows--- *Dor.* It knows but what it ought to know;
, but what I thought to see;--and so
now appear, but what you should appear,
ros Deceiver, such I finde you here.
at your birth, your Sex by oath doth seal.
from your Judgment justly might appeal:
if sometimes th'effects belye our hearts,
quenting much your Schools we learn those Arts.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* Should I relate, or weigh your lightness well.
*Or.* Perhaps, some truths we might each other tell.
But I'll ne're mind what anger now brings forth:
You know what such a man as I am worth.
Speak not of hate, nor lightness, wave self-ends;
Let's quit each other, and become good friends.
*Dor.* Shall I forget so soon your late affront?
*Or.* You run the hazard else, to lose more on't.
Should you refuse t'agree, I'll tell thee plain,
It would be hard to wooe me back again.
*Dor.* 'Twere fit, indeed, that I should satisfie.
*Or.* When I do proffer Peace thus handsomely.
*Dor.* My anger justly does revenge pursue.
*Or.* I have some reason to complain of you.
*Dor.* Yes, witness what your late Discourse did say.
*Or.* And witness also what you Wrote to day.
*Dor.* You thought to Court another to my shame.
*Or.* You, with your double Letter, mock'd my flame.
*Dor.* Do not object that harmless Plot, whereby
I of your weakness made discovery:
Believing that betwixt *Eraſt* and you,
Nothing was hid; I tri'd, and found it true:
Whose vanity, and poor injustice did
Bring that to light, which else, had yet ly'n hid.
*Or.* And I, ev'n now, did rude disdain express,
Not but I knew to whom I made address:
But purposely dissembling, lay at watch,
To shew you oft Deceivers meet their match:
And that if you the Trappan did intend,
I would be sure to fit you in the end.
*Dor.* Th'Excuse is cold enough. *Or.* Examine yours.
*Dor.* But your late carriage your great Crime assures:
Which Lovers Laws call Treason 'gainst their State;
So that your guilt deserves no more debate.
To satisfie my Honour 't shall suffice,
I banish you both from my Heart and Eyes;
And yet am milder than those Laws were meant.
We shall resolve upon this banishment.

But, by so great a Subjects loss we may
Foretel your Empire quickly will decay.
*Dor.* I'll raise't agen, take you no care for us.
*Or.* 'Tis but your interest makes me speak thus.
In fine, I love you, and have no desire
But to obey your will, till I expire.
*Dor.* Who shall secure this? *Or.* You, if you will hear.
*Dor.* Let's know then wherefore you so scornful were?
*Or.* Our Innocence is ne're so manifest
As——— *Dor.* This night, at my house, I'll hear the rest:
And to confirm your fair intents,-- expect
Your due submission joyn'd with true respect. *Exit.*
Adieu. *Or.* This strange retreat does much surprize.
*Cl.* Upon the point to yield, away she flies:
Believing it were better stay till night.
But, I begin to finde what caus'd her flight;
*Erastes*'s coming hither, drove her hence.

## SCENE IX.

### ORONTUS, ERASTES, CLITON.

*Er.* FRiend, may I speak to you with confidence? (*To* Oron.
*Or.* You know me. *Er.* I have partly likewise known
*Florame* is late a secret Lover grown:
And I, for weighty reasons, fain would come
To finde the Object of his Martyrdom.
Now, since to watch him still, might trouble breed,
Do not refuse assistance at my need.
He haunts, and Loves you, and can never hide
That long from you, which is his Joy and Pride:
Pray, in my favour, seek to dive into't.
*Or.* I'll go, just now, and try if I can do't.
Adieu, I'll leave you then.———

*Exit.*

SCENE

## Scene X.

### ORONTUS, CLITON.

*Cl.* I S't your Will, Sir,
He know, *Florame*'s *Lucia*'s Idolater?
*Or.* No,-- but to meet *Florame*,-- fright him,-- and say
Her Brother knows, he burns for *Lucia*.
This night, thou say'st, Fair *Lucia* does expect
My coming: now, if she through fear suspect
*Erastes* watches him, keeping away,
I shall have freedom what I please to say.
*Cl.* But t'other Rendezvous, how goes that on?
For *Dorothea* looks-- *Or.* Let me alone,
And, *Cliton*, thou shalt finde things order'd so,
Had I a hundred, I through all would go.

*Exeunt.*

---

## *ACT* III. Scene I.

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### ORONTUS, CLITON.

*Or.* NOt one word now,-- What Melancholy's this
Locks up thy folly which so pleasing is?
I hear thee sigh, and oft bemoan thee too.
*Cl.* Ah! Sir, why am I not content like you?
*Or.* Truly, being freed from waiting on *Florame*,
Who dares not go, where summon'd by his flame?
I'm very well content, my Fortune's such.
*Cl.* I wish that I could likewise say as much.
But, a strange Malady does me attaque.
*Or.* What is't? *Cl.* My honour's Hypocondriaque.
And this so much the more torments my heart,
'Cause few to Cure our Honour have the Art.

*Or.* That I believe; but say, Where didst it get?
Art angry, 'cause thou see'st me serve *Lyset*?
*Cl.* Not because you serve her, I'll tell ye true;
But I'm displeas'd more, because she serves you.
*Or.* Fool, dost not thou thy own advantage see?
Whilst she receiveth homage thus from me,
Her Merits in an higher Orb do move,
My Passion more ennobling thy mean Love.
*Cl.* That's it, I fear, lest by your courtship I
Receive my Patent of Nobility!
I've no ambition for it; I confess,
I should do well without such Nobleness.
*Or.* So great a Favour, you but ill repay.
*Cl.* You do for me, much more than I do pray.
*Or.* Go, never grieve thy self, e're a Week's spent,
Perhaps, I may leave her, to thy content:
That time may Wonders work, to satiate Me,
And then I'll prove no obstacle to Thee.
*Cl.* Mean while, t'oblige me, till that happy day
You will my Love Ennoble, Sir, you say.
I shall be much engag'd. *Or.* More than I'll tell.
*Cl.* The favour will deserve the Chronicle.
*Or. Cliton*, I'll tell thee, without Raillery,
*Lyset* has Charms would tempt the chastest Eye;
Whose Beauty I above all else prefer,
She having all a heart can wish, in her:
So that believe me, I deal modestlie,
To borrow her, only eight days of thee.
*Cl.* Since you such treasures find there, if you will
But give me double wages, keep her still.
As well, I'm quite disgusted with her now:
And you have puff'd her so with Pride, I vow,
Out of meer Scorn, the Baggage, when I came,
Forgot, or would not tell her Mistriss name.
*Or.* Villain, how dar'st thou so prophane to be,
As to mis-name who's Worshipped by me?
*Cl.* Pardon me, Sir; But though such honour's due
To this new Saint, thus fam'd for blessing you.

And though at ſuch a height ſhe now doth ſtand,
I muſt not ſpeak, but with my Cap in hand.
If in ſome houſe alone, we chance to meet,
Or Fortune lead me to her in the ſtreet,
May I not then -- with all humility,
And thoſe reſpects due to her quality,
As a return of thanks, for what I hear,
Give her in Love, one or two cuffs o'th' Ear?
*Or.* Conſult with Reaſon, then -- what that ſays, chuſe.
But here's the place of my two Rendezvous.
And, if I am not much deceiv'd,-- ſee there!
*Lucia* does at her window now appear.
Oh! how ſhe pleaſes me! *Cl.* But *Lyſet* more?
*Or.* Not for the preſent. *Cl.* Wondring I'll give o're!
Why-- but fair *Dorothea*? *Or.* Leſs than ſhe.
*Cl.* Then cannot I gueſs, what your heart can be.
Juſt now.--- *Or.* 'Tis thus, I love for Recreation,
And ſeldom feed on bare Imagination.
The greateſt Beauty, be it ne're ſo bright,
Tempts me no more, as ſoon as out of ſight:
A thouſand lovely Charms may wound me, when
In thirty paces all is heal'd again.
The preſent Beauty, tho inferiour far,
Makes me forget the Sun, t'adore a Star:
And ſince, whatever Object does me move,
Is lov'd by me, only out of ſelf-love;
It leaves my heart to all Impreſſions free,
And ſhe ſtill faireſt ſeems, whom laſt I ſee.
*Cl.* Then *Lyſet* ceaſing in your Eye t'appear?
*Or.* The next I meet, will pleaſe me more I'll ſwear.
But I muſt go, and with an Am'rous Tone,
Tell *Lucia* that my heart loves her alone.
*Cl.* But whilſt you tune your Tongue to ſpeak her fair,
Do you remember that you Jealous were?
*Or.* Thou mak'ſt me timely recollect my part.
I'll ſhape my ſpeech with a Complainants art.

SCENE

## Scene II.

### ORONTUS, LUCIA, CLITON.

*Or.* ARe you there Madam? *Luc.* Is't *Orontus*? *Or.* I. {*Calling up to Lucia at the window.*
Who ſhould reproach your Infidelity,
Did I not think you were ſo juſt withal,
Not to condemn, were I not criminal.
*Lu. Orontus*, this Alarm ſhows very ill.
Can I betray you?-- I not love you ſtill?
*Or.* Oh! do not think that I ſhall dare complain:
My Tongue ſhall with reſpect its griefs refrain!
And though, that muſt encreaſe my ſuff'rings too,
Yet they are welcome, 'cauſe they come from you.
I glory'd to poſſeſs your Heart;-- but then
Not being worthy,-- you reſume't agen.
Now from your Mouth the Sentence I would hear,
And ſacrifice what I do hold moſt dear.
Happy,-- if ill Succeſs no crime you deem,
And tho I loſe your Love, keep your Eſteem.
*Lu.* What killing Accents do your Lips expreſs!
Raving of Crimes, and of Unhappineſs!
Oh! do not hold me longer in ſuſpence;
But pray, unfold this Riddles dubious ſence.
And that your Moans, may Cauſe or Colour ſhew,
Declare this guilt, and this Misfortune too.
*Or.* A Rival's entertain'd in ſecret, Lo
That's my Miſ-hap,-- my Crime I do not know:
Yet I muſt ſay, ſince you love him, and hate
Me, I'm as Guilty as Unfortunate:
For to ſuſpect you of injuſtice, I
So hainous hold, I ſhould deſerve to die.
Oh! lay the cauſe, then, of your Change on me,
Which muſt be juſt, tho I no reaſon ſee.
*Lu.* This ſtrange Reproach puts me into a maze.--
*Or.* Ah! why ſhould Miſery meet ſuch delays!
Torments are but encreas'd, that are defer'd.
Say, then, a Nobler Rival is prefer'd;

That

That my Defects adde glory to his name,
That his bright Lustre dims my dying flame.
That to inform me of this choice, you here
For the last time summon me to appear:
While afterwards, to end this Amorous strife,
In absence, I must linger out my life.
'Tis too severe, will Love-sick Judges say,
Yet, tho I perish, *Lucia*, I'll obey,
With so much care, that my sad presence shall
Ne're minde you of your first-faiths Funeral.
Did I Act well my Part? *Cl.* Rarely, indeed! (*To* Cliton, *aside.*
You'd make a quaint Comedian for a need.
*Lu.* This Story so confounds me, to say true,
I scarce have Reason left to answer you.
Nor can I plead my Faith to justifie,
Which you accuse, but nothing specifie:
Yet, if I freely may declare my sence,
Your grief *Orontus* speaks such Eloquence,
That I believe it less;-- howe're it hit,
A Real grief, than wantonness of Wit.
A Lover, who with real sorrow's strook,
Uses no Rhet'rique but a Dying Look.
Waves all fine words, no Advocate will Fee,
Only deep Sighs whispers his Miserie.
Yet, if you know, I thus ungrateful prove,
Name me this Rival that usurps your love?
Leave nothing to Evince my breach of Faith:
Declare what Favours he received hath.
*Or.* Those Bosome-secrets long may keep at home,
If they must be conceal'd till *Florame* come.
Who, though he fondly hugg his passion,
This night will fail your assignation.
Some *Remora*, unlookt for, keeps him hence;
To morrow, you may know the consequence.
*Lu.* So, so, 'tis this begets your Jealousie,
*Florame* was this night to have met with me?
*Or.* He's ravisht with the Joy he feels within!
*Lu.* You heard this from himself,-- no doubt? *Or.* From him:

But,

But, ah! how far would your blinde Rigour go?
Muſt I have ſeen your heart yield to my Foe?
Was't not enough to ſatiate him with bliſs;
But to Damn me, too, I muſt witneſs this?
*Lu.* Since your Suſpitions have no Wyles refus'd,
You little merit to be diſabus'd.
And any other, after ſo great wrong.--
But ſtay, I ſee a Man ſure come along; (*Softly.*
I'll change my Note, for 'tis my Brother's come.
My Brother is not here, Sir, he's from home. (*Aloud to* Oron.
Nor do I know exactly, to ſay right,
At what time he's us'd to return at Night.
'Tis often late, wherever he does go. (*She ſhuts the window.*
Adieu. *Or.* What Counter-talk? *Cl.* 'Tis pleaſant -- tho.
*Or.* The more I ſtudy, leſs I apprehend.
*Cl.* Y'are crafty, yet ſtill over-reacht i'th' end.
They finde you but diſſemble -- and ſo-forth.
And here they plant ye, juſt for what y'are worth.
*Or.* Peace! here comes one.———

## Scene III.

### ORONTUS, FLORAME, CLITON.

*Cl.* WHo's there? *Fl. Orontus*'s Friend *Florame.* *Or.* The worſe for me, ill lucks attend.
What make you here? had we not late agreed
That---- *Fl.* 'Tis but Curioſity, indeed.
A certain Fancie guided me this way,
Without deſigne to ſpeak with *Lucia.*
But, ſure, I heard ſome one bid you adieu.
*Or.* Yes. *Fl.* What deſigne makes me here meet with you
Thus late? *Or.* My great deſire to meet *Eraſt*,
And eaſe your minde, tranſported me with haſte;
Being confident, how'e're he doubts your Love,
A little talk, would all his Fears remove.
But this my diligence is fruitleſs grown,
His Siſter telling me, he's ſtill in Town.

*Fl.*

*Fl.* Do not deny I love,-- there's ways enough.
*Or.* What? *Fl.* I am thinking. *Or. Cliton* there's it now! (*To* Cl. *aſide.*
*Lucia* Loves *Florame*, and t'avoid being caught,
She ſpying him, feign'd, I her Brother ſought.
Inconſtant Sex, Who can rely on ſuch?
*Cl.* The beſt of them, indeed, are not worth much.
*Fl.* To fix his thoughts ſome other way, I'll chuſe
Rather fair *Dorothea's* Name to uſe.
Tell him, 'tis Love of her feeds my deſire.
*Or.* What can that do? *Fl.* Much, if he ſhould inquire.
He may diſcover, how I ought to Wed--
*Or.* Her, is't ſhe is deſtin'd to your Nuptial Bed?
*Fl.* The ſame.-- Now judge, if this be not the way.
*Or.* Friend, they from *Lucia's* can hear all we ſay:
Let's go from hence, I'll ſpeak my minde elſewhere.
You'll miſs your ſecond Rendezvous, I fear; (Cl. *to* Or. *apart.*
Think on it, Sir. *Or.* Take you no care thereof:
E're I go twenty ſteps, I'll ſhake him off. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

### DOROTHEA, LYSET.

*Dor.* THis muſt diſcover, be he falſe, or true.
But,-- how-- he ſtays. *Lyſ.* The door ſtands open too.
And from above, the Light will guide his Eye.
Do you believe he'll come, or elſe paſs by?
*Dor.* If he want Innocence to plead his Cauſe,
He may-- *Lyſ.* If Mute, then he's condemn'd by th'Laws.
H'as too much Wit to want's Apologie.
*Dor.* What ſaid he, *Lyſet*, when he talk't with thee?
*Lyſ.* For you he languiſht, and for you did look:
And, I believe he wilfully miſtook.
What do you think? *Dor.* I know no more than you:
But, he's excuſable if he ſpake true.
If he plaid falſe, 'twas manag'd with ſuch Wit,
That I do long to ſee th'Event of it.
In th'interim, not knowing what will be,
My heart affects only Neutrality.

But the Door creaks. *Lyſ.* *Orantur*, never fear.
*Dor.* Shut the Door after him, that none may hear.
*Lyſ.* To ſee me with her, will his thoughts perplex.

## SCENE V.

### DOROTHEA, ERASTES, LYSET.

*Er.* MAdam, The greateſt glory of your Sex.
*Dor.* What brings you hither with ſo bold a Face?
Here's work indeed! a wrong man takes his place! (*Lyſ.* aſide.
*Er.* Finding the Door not ſhut, you talking by,
At that ſweet Voice, Love lent me wings to fly.
*Dor.* We wait my Fathers coming home; and ſee
You haſte away, or elſe you Ruine me:
He's hard by,-- pray be gone. *Er.* My joy and ſorrow!
Alas---- *Dor.* O! Keep alas, Sir, for to morrow.
*Er.* What! No compaſſion? *Dor.* Yes, towards my ſelf,
My Honour elſe is wrack'd upon this Shelf.
Time preſſes,-- go, go forth pray,--'tis my will:
Sure you were born to perſecute me ſtill!
Will you for ever gaze, and not reply?
*Er.* O! Spell my Sighs, and read my weeping Eye!
*Dor.* 'Tis not the ſeaſon now to count your tears--
When pity has reſign'd my heart to fears.
Pray, Sir, haſte forth,-- look warily before--
But 'tis too late, ah me! He's at the Door;
He knocks: where will ye go? there's no way forth.
*Er.* I'm readie, if you pleaſe, to meet his wrath.
*Dor.* Rather a thouſand times--- *Lyſ.* To prevent all,
I'll lead him to the Garden, th'rough the Hall.
There he's ſecure. *Dor.* Th'advice is good I'll ſwear. *Exeunt.*
Go, open as you paſs.———

SCENE

## SCENE IV.

### ORONTUS, DOROTHEA.

*Or.* CLiton, stay there. (*To* Cl. *within.*
What, is all vanish'd? this seems strange to me; (Or. *Enters, leaving* Cl. *at the door.*
I heard much noise, yet can no-body see!
To use me thus is ill, I tell you true:
I neither came to scare, nor hinder you.
*Dor.* Surely yo've taken me to task this day.
*Or.* No, but free humours hate such boe-peep play.
And 'tis my trouble, that with so much care
You should disguize your self from what you are.
Whatever Gallant 'tis, let him come forth:
My Passion dares all Eyes, to try its worth.
Nor shall my Zeal wax less on such a score;
I love a Mistriss, all men do adore.
And I had little hopes in this Essay,
Should I not court you, now, in your own way.
Variety's the Heaven of your bliss;
Then must I cherish what your Humour is.
Did I oppose the freedom you like best,
That were to seek mine, not your Interest:
And would prevert the noblest ends of Love;
Instead of Subject, I should Tyrant prove.
*Dor.* A neat evasion, made to this intent,
By taxing me, to shew you innocent.
This is smart Policie, worthie your fame.
*Or.* So mild a Censure, cannot be your shame.
*Dor.* This good opinion of me's noble too.
*Or.* I finde you act, but as you ought to do.
The best of Men have not a hope so vain,
E're to confine you in a shorter Chain;
They, from all parts in throngs to you do press,
Whilst you alone share out their happiness.

Were not this glory then diminiſhed,
Should you heap all theſe Favours on one head?
So great a Treaſure, ſuch a plenteous Feaſt,
Was never, ſure, meant for one Miſer gueſt.
For, tho, I do adore, what is ſo rare,
And favour crave, yet not above my ſhare;
I'll not aſpire, (tho in your flames I burn)
T'injoy you ſolely, I'll but take my turn.
*Dor.* What means all this? ſpeak plain, and tell me true.
*Or.* That here, ſome ſecret Rival courted you.
And if you further conference deſire,
I would not hinder, but ſhall ſoon retire.
*Dor.* This weak ſuſpicion is the Child of fear,
That any other-- *Or.* I've a faithful Ear,
That perfectly diſcerneth every Voice.
If-- *Dor.* 'Tis moſt like,-- this time was a fit choice.
And you no promiſe had to day before?
*Or.* Oh! you have Wit can go th'rough this and more.
Who with one Letter Anſwers two, allows
One night's enough t'exalt as many Vows.
*Dor.* Your falſe conjectures, then, are rais'd from thence.
*Or.* No, no, I ſpeak on clearer Evidence.
Knocking at Door, ſome noiſe made me begin
To doubt whether't might pleaſe, ſhould I come in:
Some I heard walk and ſpeak, and midſt the noiſe,
Unleſs I'm much deceiv'd, I heard a voice
Say, There he's come, What ſhall we do with this!
Yet, I'll believe but what your pleaſure is.
*Dor.* This I ſhould ne're endeavour to confute,
Did it not ſtick ſome ſhame on my Repute;
But really to undeceive you, know,
That having bid my Woman wait below,
Whilſt I above ſtood as my Father's ſpy.
But here ſhe comes will clear the Myſtery.

(Lyſet *Enters.*

## Scene VII.

### ORONTUS, DOROTHEA, LYSET.

*Dor.* COme hither *Lyset*. *Or.* (aside.) Gods! what is't I see?
*Lyset* serves here! Take the whole fault on thee: (Dor. *aside to* Lys.
No matter. *Or.*(aside.)All my Pranks will now come forth.
Now, am I fifty *Dorothea*'s worth? (Lys. *softly to* Or.
Who was't spake with you, when *Orontus* knock'd? (Dor. *aloud to* Lys.
*Lys.* With me? *Dor.* Yes, you,-- believe I'll not be mock'd.
*Lys.* What do you take me?-- *Dor.* No excuse, unless--
*Lys.* Dear Madam. *Dor.* Some Gallant. *Lys.* I must confess
'Twas one that loves me without complement, (Cl. *begins to appear.*
And I love him, faith, with no ill intent.
He'll be my Husband. ——— (Cl. *Enters.*

## Scene VIII.

### ORONTUS, DOROTHEA, LYSET, CLITON.

*Cl.* HA! good Hypocrite, (*To* Cl. *whilst he takes the Candle from the Table.*
Your Husband. *Lys. Cliton.* *Or.* Whither with that light?
Say.-- *Cl.* To finde out this Husband she will have:
I'll bring't again, when I have kill'd the slave.
*Or.* Keep back your folly. *Cl.* Ah! in my distress.
*Or.* Take comfort *Cliton*, that will make it less.
*Dor.* This satisfies? *Or.* Yes, if you please, and more.
*Arg. Lycante* we are robb'd! stand at that door. (*within.*
*Cl.* to *Or.* Sir, now w'are caught! *Dor.* O! infinite disgrace!
My Father comes here, hye away apace.
Take up the Candle, slip in here with me. (*To* Lys.
Save you my honour. (*To* Or.) *Cl.* Devil, but who saves me?
W'are left alone. *Or.* My honour now lies on't
To see-- *Cl.* Let's fly, and think no more upon't,
For fear some ranting Hector, otherwise
Should come, and this love-folly so chastise--
But 'tis too late. ——— SCENE

## Scene IX.

### ARGANTE, ORONTUS, CLITON.

*Enter* Argante, *his sword drawn.*

Don't I *Orontus* see?
O Daughter! whose wilde love dishonours me.
Die thou vile tempter. *Or.* Hold your threatning sword!
*Cl.* Before you kill us, good Sir, hear one word! (Cl. *upon his knees.*
*Arg.* What vain excuse?-- *Or.* Mine, is both just and true;
For, tho unhappie, I am guiltless too.
Being fair *Lucia*'s fond idolater,
Her Brother, this night found me there with her.
And having no way left to scape him there,
I leap'd his Garden-wall, and got in here.
*Cl.* In so short time, I never made more way.
*Arg.* I heard some stir i'th' Garden, as you say,
And from my window, did perceive one go
With haste enough; who 'twas I could not know.
But, tho there be some colour, Sir, in this
Excuse, yet so great the importance is
To my whole Family, e're I proceed,
This truth upon my daughters face I'll read.
Her looks will bring the certainty to light.
I'll straight return. *Cl.* Ah! Sir, bid him good night. (Arg. *goes out.*
*Or.* Dost fear? *Cl.* I? no, but I small courage have:
You, like a Torch i'th' winde, all storms out-brave,
And may escape; But-- (Oh! the Collick gripes.)
Poor *Cliton* shall be sent to bed with stripes.
*Or.* Hark! for they talk. *Arg.* Pray, Sir, do you stay there, (*Speaking to* Er. *whom he finds in his house, & shutting the door upon him to prevent his suing of* Or.
*Cl.* He locks this door! Oh! how I quake for fear.
Go, Sir, make haste, for your relation's true. (Arg. *to* Or.
Your enemie! I shake. *Or.* What? *Arg.* Does pursue.
*Or.* Who is't? *Arg.* D'ye ask? *Erastes.* *Or.* Ha. *Arg.* Agen?
I met him there. *Or.* Then, that's the stratagem.
By what strange paths this truth comes in my way!
*Arg.* You both are ruin'd if ye longer stay:

Make

Make quick diſpatch. *Or.* See, Womens fickleneſs. (*To* Cliton.
*Cl.* Take comfort Sir, 'twill make your griefs the leſs. {*Ex.* Oront.
*Arg.* This danger was prevented well in troth: (*Solus.* { Cliton.
I'll ſend this after, then good night to both.

## SCENE X.

### ARGANTE, ERASTES.

Arg. *opening the door.* *Eraſtes.* *Er.* (aſide.) Who can gueſs this myſtery?
Surprize me here, yet deal thus lovingly.
*Arg.* What brought you here, I pardon, for your ſake;
But no noiſe on't, if you my counſel take:
Upon ſuch accidents, wiſe men ſhould wink.
*Er.* Think not.-- *Arg.* I know Sir, what I ought to think.
*Er.* I doubt that-- *Arg.* No, no, I ſhall let it ſleep.
*Er.* Perhaps.-- *Arg.* Be ſure, I ſhall the ſecret keep:
Adieu. *Er.* But-- *Arg.* 'Tis high time to be gone; I pray
Make haſte. *Er.* I underſtand not what he'd ſay. (*Exit.*
*Arg. ſolus.* Tho, now I'm freed, I tremble yet for fear.
How timely theſe by me diſcover'd were!
--Now in the ſtreet, fight, or embrace at eaſe:
Long may they ſcuffle e're it me diſpleaſe.
If they each other drill till I go forth,
Their ſkins to morrow will be little worth.

## *ACT* IV. SCENE I.

### ORONTUS, CLITON.

*Or.* How ill thou argu'ſt! what, thou thinkeſt then?
*Cl.* But, Sir, it puzzles me above all ken.
'Till dooms-day, I might thus be arguing,
Yet ſtill i'th' dark for all my reaſoning.
*Or.* Confeſs then, I know how one ought to live.
*Cl.* Such are your flights, that none can you retrieve.

For

For my part, I renounce-- After th'abuſe
You late receiv'd at your two Rendezvous,
Who would not ſwear, that in your choler, you
Should blinking *Cupid* curſe, and his Mam too?
Sigh, groan, ſob, howl, and tumble all the night,
And from your neſt, in three days make no flight;
Your brain's unhing'd, your heart conſum'd with care,
Whereas you ſing and friſk more gay than e're;
Nay, Rant, and in all company laugh moſt,
And bear't as you had neither won nor loſt.
Moſt Heteroclite does your carriage ſeem!
*Or.* And where's the wonder? they leave me, I them.
*Cl.* If towards you, ſome Ficklenes they ſhow,
They but return you back, a *quid pro quo*.
For Miſtriſs, waiting-Maid, Fair, Black, Red, Brown,
You fear no colours, but ſtorm every Town!
Your eager Appetite with all makes bold,
And to your Stomack, none's too hot or cold.
*Or.* There's all the pleaſure that in Love I finde!
*Cl.* And they begin to love you in your kinde.
*Or.* I'm not diſpleas'd. *Cl.* Then muſt I ſay, indeed,
I think your Love's but ſome new baſtard-breed.
*Or.* And thus I whip him to my own deſire.
*Cl.* More I examine, I the more admire.
Sometimes, you play the ſprightly Gallants part;
Then, nought but ſadneſs ſits about your heart.
A Jovial air, 'mongſt theſe diſbands all fears;
The next you Court, you ſoften with your Tears.
So to the life, my ſelf deceiv'd I finde.
You groan, and ſing, and ſigh, and all's but winde.
What juggling tricks! *Or.* And this does wonder breed?
*Cl.* I ne're knew ſuch Cameleon-Love indeed;
At each new Face its hue ſo chang'd to be!
*Or.* This but prevents Love from inſlaving me.
I dare him thus,-- make all his Plots prove vain,
So I the pleaſures taſte, without the pain.
*Cl.* At once to give and take a Heart in jeſt,
Is this Love? *Or.* This is Love, and 'tis the beſt.

*Cl.*

*Cl.* But, is not Love, Sir, a controling heat,
(For I'm a Scholar ſince I ſerv'd *Lyſet.*)
A frying in the Froſt, freezing in Fire,
Which ſtorms the Brain, and Fetters the Deſire
To one alone; Pleaſing, tho Incommode?
*Or.* It was of old, but now 'tis out of Mode.
*Cl.* 'Tis out of Mode! *Or.* And dull, as ſhall be tri'd.
*Cl.* How muſt we do to have it Modifi'd?
*Or.* My Conduct will inſtruct thee in the right.
Examine't well. *Cl.* 'Tis beyond my dull ſight.
If you'll inſtruct me, you muſt bring it neer.
*Or.* Liſten, and the whole ſecret will appear.
" To every She, the like complaiſance pay;
" Swear Love by rote, not minding what you ſay;
" Court out of cuſtom, for diverſion's ſake;
" Speak much of grief, but let your heart ne're ake.
" Your Face (the Index) much of Love muſt ſhow;
" But what you promiſe, let your Breaſt not know.
" Of an Untruth, a Verity compile,
" At need; and weep, (tho in your thoughts you ſmile,)
" Raving of Paſſion, Pain, troubles of Minde;
" And not to hazard ought by Woman-kinde:
" Pay the whole Sex your Adoration
" In groſs, but ſingly, ſlight them one by one.
This is my Rule. *Cl.* The Science I approve;
You thus extract the Quinteſſence of Love.
But, as for *Lyſet*, be it underſtood
You take or leave her quite, for both our good.
Otherwiſe-- *Or.* Without wrangling, I yet may
Leave thee ſole Tenant e're we paſs one day.
For now agen Fortune does me provide,
Since *Dorothea*'s true, I'm ſatisfi'd.
*Cl. Eraſt* being there hid, tho, ſhew's ſome Gin.
*Or.* I know the whole Intrigue. *Cl.* From whom? *Or.* From him.
Who walking home late, when our Plot was laid,
Paſs'd by their door, where by ſome hazard ſtaid,
Finding it open, and ſhe ſtanding by,
Surpriz'd her out of curioſity.

Believing with her Maid, ſhe had intent
To paſs ſome moments there in merriment.
His pleaſing converſe hardly did begin,
When he muſt hide,-- the Father coming in.
And, now, what ſcruple can there be in this?
*Cl.* Born under ſome Smock-ſtar. *Or.* The beſt on't is,
*Florame*, that ſought who held *Eraſtes* heart,
Found *Dorothea* claim'd his Siſters part.
When he expreſſing by what rigour they
Forcing his will, tore him from *Lucia*:
So won upon him, he conſent did ſpeak,
Provided they the firſt Contract would break.
They ſtraight embrace, and both this Match approve,
Which turns their hate into a nobler Love.
Thus *Florame* and *Eraſtes* are agreed
To baniſh Fewd, and let kind Peace ſucceed.
*Cl.* So *Florame*, now, his promiſe has obtain'd.
*Or.* Th'rough my endeavour full conſent was gain'd.
*Cl.* You'll no more ſee her. *Or.* I! as oft as e're.
*Cl.* She ſooths you ſtill with flat'ring hopes, I fear.
And while ſhe to another deſtin'd is,
Makes you —— *Or.* Did I not think as much as this
Of *Dorothea* yeſterday? yet I
Miſtook. *Cl.* This gulls you more apparently.
*Or.* Why I may erre as much in this perchance.
*Cl.* Sure you believe *Florame*. *Or.* He does advance.
Now I ſhall know the truth, how he proceeds.

## Scene II.

### ORONTUS, FLORAME, CLITON.

*Or.* YOu're ſatisfi'd, I hope, now all ſucceeds?
*Fl.* Yes, but to gain the brother will not do
Alone, your help is neceſſary too.
In vain, I thought the other Match unknown,
Since Fame the News o're all this place hath blown;
And with fair *Lucia* ſo much credit gain'd,
She ſwears my flames for her, are only feign'd.

But,

But, you, whoſe friendſhip dives into my heart,
And knows its cloſeſt Projects, take my part;
Wait on that Beauty, wooe her not to ſhun
Such real Love, compleat what you begun.
*Or.* Is not this Raillery you ſpeak? tell true:
If you love *Lucia*, does not ſhe love you?
To give you meeting e're *Eraſt* conſent,
Does make her Love appear moſt Evident:
Yet you ſuſpect? Ah! what muſt I ſuppoſe?
*Cl.* How ſlyly does he ſqueeze the worm from's Noſe! (*Aſide.*
*Fl.* Since to hide ought from you, a crime I deem,
Know her love yet, reſides but in eſteem.
And that appointment, you ſo happy gueſs,
To confidence, had ow'd for its ſucceſs.
Since I th'rough favour had in vain aſſay'd,
And then with Preſents had ſuborn'd her Maid;
Who, ſtill unknown to her, engag'd laſt night,
To gain me an admittance to her ſight.
This was the reaſon, made me think it vain,
Head-long to run, where was more loſs than gain:
You otherwiſe had ne're diſſwaded me.
*Or.* Good-faith, I thought 'twas better than I ſee.
But having gain'd what was moſt difficult,
The Oracle we need no more conſult.
The Victory is Ours, I'll bring't about.
*Fl.* You being Second, 'tis a ſin to doubt.
Mean while, I'll try what is her temper, now
Her Brother's ours, and what Hope ſhe'll allow.

## Scene III.

### ORONTUS, CLITON.

*Or.* WEll *Cliton*. *Cl.* I conceive. *Or.* 'Twas I conceiv'd
The right. *Cl.* 'Tis true. *Or.* Your doubt. *Cl.* Had me deceiv'd.
*Lucia* is wholly yours, ſay what they can,
For Politiques you are a dreadful man!

And if that Devil, who writeth your ſins down,
Omits not one, h'as a ſhrewd head on's own.
W'are Stratagems who lies within your pow'r,
*Lucia*, in fine-- *Or.* I'll love more from this hour.
*Cl.* 'Tis well; and *Dorothea*-- *Or.* More and more.
*Cl.* Then, ſure, you'll quickly give poor *Lyſet* o're.
*Or.* Yes, ſhe's too lean a thing to ſatisfie:
She may paſs Muſter in a vacancie,
For want of better. *Cl.* Better!-- ah ſpeak well.
A Goat, ſet Horns aſide, would her excel.
If ſhe paſs Muſter, 'tis for want indeed!

## Scene IV.

### ORONTUS, LYSET, CLITON.

*Lyſ.* TRuly, Sir, *Cliton*'s Manners now exceed.
The Dev'l, lay's horns away, like thee'd appear. (*To* C'.
*Cl.* Now I am muzled. *Or.* Leave that Puppy there,
Who jealous cauſe I love thee, thus the Elf
Would black thee. *Lyſ.* Love me? *Or.* Yes, in-torth, thy ſelf.
*Cl.* Mark but the Juggler. (aſide.) *Lyſ.* Thus. *Cl.* On *Cliton*'s faith.
*Lyſ.* Go, go, I heard too well. *Cl.* What is't ſhe ſaith?
*Lyſ.* There's want indeed, when I can Muſter paſs.
*Cl.* I ſung a Mean, and you interpret Baſe.
*Or.* If you give ear, he'll ne're have done his part.
*Cl.* Command me. *Or.* Silence. *Cl.* Now begins his Art.
Lay on, my back is broad. *Or.* Still dear *Lyſet*,
My real love does little faith beget.
In thy long abſence, I have torments tri'd.
*Lyſ.* I muſt believe't. *Cl.* Ware being Noblyſi'd. (*Aſide.*
*Or.* My pleaſant humour thinks all's Raillery;
But falſely you believe 'tis flattery.
For when an Object, like thee, charms this breaſt,
I think on't more than once. *Lyſ.* And love't at leaſt.
I'll help ye out. *Or.* Ah! thus to doubt my flame,
Is-- *Lyſ.* No, I think I highly cheriſh'd am.
But ſince your Love with me's but left in pawn,
'Tis ten to one it will be ſoon withdrawn.

My

My Mistriss-- *Or.* Thou believ'st she blows my Fire.
Go, if my heart to serve her e're aspire.
*Lyf.* Last Night, you saw her, then, for the last time.
*Or.* Drawn for thy sake, that Obligation's thine.
*Lyf.* Mine? *Or.* Dost thou doubt? *Lyf.* Most like you, Sir, it is.
*Or.* What, not believe? *Lyf.* Yes, I know more than this.
*Or.* Prethee, once more, my Oath upon it take,
I went last Night but only for thy sake:
Her entertainment's hateful to my Ear;
But having learn'd thy Residence was there,
Tho sure to have that odious Object by,
I ran, in hopes to Wooe thee with my Eye;
That Language Lovers ever held the best.
*Lyf.* How you're compos'd of Subtilty and Jest!
You found her tho alone. *Or.* At which being sad,
I study'd in Revenge to make her Mad;
Paid her Respects were much more strange than true,
Contemn'd her most, when I most prais'd her too.
But my high Style, lost her in the Mid-way.
*Lyf.* You may repair that fault again to day.
She must speak with you. This I'm sent to tell.
Make haste, and follow. *Or.* Thou lov'st Mirth so well.
*Lyf.* Faith she expects you, and will let you know
When you come there. *Or.* I'll not consent to go.
*Lyf.* You must, what will you make her else suspect;
That I omit her Message through neglect?
*Or.* I shall have much ado. *Lyf.* I'll take your part.
*Or.* I'm loath to go, I speak it from my heart,
And I believe you think so, seriously;
But at the Enter-view, observe my Eye.
At the least word of Love, look you on me,
And what I say to her, take all for thee.
*Lyf.* I shall not fail, 'tis done, do but proceed.
*Or.* You Jibe? *Lyf.* Like you. *Or.* Faith I love thee indeed:
And to make good, in thy Society
My dearest Pleasures Sov'raign Bliss does lie.
That thy commands are my chief glory too, } *He feels in his Pocket.*
Here-- *Lyf.* You at length, may make me think all true.

*Or.*

*Or.* Time will discover, what as yet lies hid.
*Cl.* My Nobleness goes on, the Price is bid. (*Aside.* } Cl. *cries out with*
I cannot hold. Hola! *Or.* What Devil's Cry? } *a shrill voice.*
*Cl.* 'Gainst all Events, having a Remedy, (*To* Or.
Vouchsafe one Favour, now my Heart's so sad.
*Or.* What is't? *Cl.* Sir, keep me pray from running Mad!
*Or.* (spying *Lu.*) If--but, who's this I see? *Cl.* Good, here's relief. (*Aside.*
*Lys.* Ah! he puts up his Purse agen, the Thief! (*Aside.*
*Or.* What'ere I say, let it create no doubt, (*To* Lys.
We'll laugh anon. *Lys.* Now I must stand it out.
Hopes of his present does invite my stay.

## Scene V.

### ORONTUS, LUCIA, LYSET, CLITON.

*Or.* BLest with your Presence, once more *Lucia.*
*Luc.* A common joy, but with regret, Sir, I
Thus interrupt your wished Secresie.
Surely you treated with great confidence.
*Or.* What, you suspect I held Intelligence,
And think designe, what accidental proves?
*Cliton* knows. *Cl.* Yes, he's honest where he loves.
*Luc.* Though this fresh Object, to my shame, I see. } Lucia, *pointing*
*Cl.* He Courted her indeed, but 'twas for me, } *to* Lyset.
*Or.* If you believe that Fool-- *Luc.* What I behold,
I dare believe,-- but not all I am told.
*Or.* Then on your part, my Ruine is assur'd.
*Luc.* What Persecution I for you indur'd.
Whilst a harsh Brother for *Florame*, this day--
*Or.* I more deserve then he, so to obey.
Much your own loss, and prejudice would be,
And you oblige your self, whilst just to me.
*Luc.* Take heed! lest this presumption to reprove,
I yield him up at last, my faith and love!
*Or.* 'Tis but three sighs more, added to the heap.
But, e're you do't consult, look e're you leap.

And

And get your heart's consent to it before.
*Luc.* What! would my loss affect you then no more?
*Or.* What? you'll betray your self, and therefore I
Must yield my self a prey to grief, and die!
Let it sting those it does most nearly touch.
Grief almost kill'd me last night, 'twas so much;
For having known how well *Florame* was us'd
By you, I hasted to you much confus'd:
There wept and wail'd, and all sad means did try,
Low at your feet, to break this heart and die.
But since I finde it inconvenient prove,
I'll blow it off, and try new-fashion Love.
*Luc.* Your fashion, to deceive, and be ingrate.
*Or.* That Love's most pleasing, is least delicate;
And where we once resolve no Jealousie
Should-- *Luc.* Without reason then it ceazes me.
Nor may I credit give to my own eyes.
*Or.* You should pass by such things, if you were wise.
Let's make the Agreement thus, 'twixt you and me;
To have no jealous thoughts, but ever free
From all vain fears, think either's faith most true;
And if you ne're doubt me, I'll ne're doubt you.
Thus when I swear, believe't I love you well:
I'll do the same, when you Love-stories tell.
All this observ'd, our Contract shall remain;
But the least trip, infringes it again.
*Luc.* True Love sublim'd, will all this disavow,
He makes a Monster on't, does this allow.
*Or.* Allowing what we like, but makes us find
The troubles less, pleasures more un-confin'd.
*Luc.* No, he that can divided Love indure,
And not die rather, has small courage sure.
*Or.* If in effect, this Maxime bare the sway,
Men were in danger to die every day.
Can any lightness with your own compare?
Last night one, now another, so y'all are.
*Luc.* The better to delude us, thus ye plead:
But, think how many th'rough such grief are dead.

And oft have had the applaus[illegible] men.
*Or.* Th' example's dang[illegible] it then.
*Luc.* Your heart's [illegible] such brave dangers are.
*Or.* Let who's will [illegible] my honours share.
Should I expire your Martyr for a day
Or two, perhaps, the world should hear you say
*He was a faithful Lover, I regret*
*For me be di'd!* Much I by this should get.
*Luc.* Is an illustrious Memory no gain?
*Or.* Heav'ns grant my Epitaph less sad, and vain!
*Luc.* And yet you'll say, you love me ne'retheless.
*Or.* Ask but my heart, my heart which you possess.

## Scene VI.

### ORONTUS, ERASTES, LUCIA, LYSET.

*Er.* to THey do adore each other, I am told.
*Lystor.* *Luc.* My Brother's here, O Gods! *Er.* I see him, hold! { *Pulling down her Hood.*
*Lyst.* A Lady with him. *Er.* Then it must be she;
'Tis *Dorothea.* *Luc.* (to *Or.*) Think of leaving me.
*Er.* This night with her, he through the Garden went; { *Shewing Lys. to Lyst.*
I know her. *Or.* (to *Luc.*) What? and must I then consent?
*Luc.* Yes, for I dare not go, till after you:
Pray lose no time, be gone, bid me adieu.
*Or.* I do obey you, *Cliton!* *Cl.* Sir, what now?
*Or.* Stop *Lyset* here, but stop her mouth close too: { *Or. goes off one way, and immediately Lu. goes another.*
Promise her any thing, do't e're you stir.
*Lyst.* (to *Er.*) She goes. *Er.* Ingrateful! but I'll follow her.
For without doubt, her woman does abide,
That if we ask who 'tis, she be deni'd.
But, following after, I her plots destroy.

## Scene VII.

### CLITON, LYSET.

*Cl.* HOw shall I act the part of th'angry Boy?

*Lys.*

*Lyf.* *Cliton.* *Cl.* No quarter. *Lyf.* Such severe ill will?
*Cl.* Provide elsewhere. *Lyf.* Do't keep thy anger still
*Cliton?* *Cl.* Yes, still I keep't, and keep it shall.
*Lyf.* Look up. *Cl.* No-- *Lyf.* But-- *Cl.* I'll bate thee nought at all.
*Lyf.* What you'll forsake me, you, whose grizled Pate,
And snuffling Nose, proclaims ye out of date.
You will forsake me, me who more or less,
The whole Town dotes on, for my prettiness.
Me, whose dear Love so hotly they pursue.
It makes them look on thee, with envy too.
Who thus abase my thoughts. *Cl.* Yes,--you,--you,--you?
Who squeez'd my Purse, and then laugh'd at me too.
*Lyf.* Your gifts, I'll warrant, trick me up thus brave.
*Cl.* Pox, Now I apprehend this Female knave. *(Aside.*
Before my face, your liberty's so bold,
I has made my wonted charity catch cold.
Ev'ry one Courts you now. *Lyf.* Yes, and those words
Alone a dayly Revenue affords.
*Cl.* And this to me, you think, must comfort bring.
*Lyf.* *Cliton*, speak wisely, and leave quarrelling.
You knew my humour, and my method knew,
That I lov'd Clothes in fashion, often new.
Each day I purchase somewhat, and protest
What I do cut or sow, is of the best
Either the Draper or the Mercer sells.
And whilst my Cash holds, I do little else.
Now,--think what this must cost? For, to go neat,
Wishing, nor Witch-craft, will not do the feat:
Your Wages, whatsoever, hardly brings
Enough for Gloves, and such small trifling things.
So that to prove too coy, would prove my shame;
My Pride would fall, and then adieu-- fine Dame.
*Cl.* 'Tis right, but come -- to wave all you have said,
What have I reap'd for all my Wages paid?
From day to day, my Passion has encreast;
Yet with my finger ne're durst feel your Breast.
*Lyf.* I lov'd thee, that's sufficient I conceive.
*Cl.* Lov'd me! *Lyf.* To doubt, your self were to deceive.

You know. *Cl.* I'm left in Hell, Loves Barly-break.
*Lyſ.* Does not ſix ſighs a day, my true love ſpeak?
*Cl.* Great comfort that, to troubled Souls does prove,
*Lyſ.* Do you ſo light eſteem thoſe marks of Love?
*Cl.* Juſt next to nothing, ſo I finde,-- and ſure,
Since Love was ever held an Epicure
And Glutton, when the Boy you thus do treat,
Sighs cannot nouriſh, th'are ſuch hollow Meat.
*Lyſ.* I loſe my time here, you but love to prate;
And thy weak reaſon turns my love to hate.
Adieu. *Cl.* But ſtay, if not for Love, for Gold;
For twenty Crowns, can you one Secret hold?
*Lyſ.* One? yes a ſcore. *Cl.* Hold! that's too much for thee!
*Lyſ.* I'll do't, I'll warrant, let it reſt on me.
Can you diſburſe-em? *Cl.* Yes, but prethee hear!
Keep but your Tongue out of you Miſtriſs's Ear.
My Maſter-- *Lyſ.* I'll conceal his Franks, ne're doubt.
Let's ſee the Money? *Cl.* 'Tis not yet told out.
*Lyſ.* Your promiſes on hopes, will ill ſucceed.
*Cl.* I'll pawn my Honour. *Lyſ.* A fair pledge indeed.
Go, I'll diſcover all that ever paſt.
*Cl.* Beware he do not Nooze you, too, at laſt.

## *ACT* V. SCENE I.

ARGANTE, DOROTHEA.

*Dor.* AT leaſt defer it, till my troubled mind
Compos'd,-- to this ſad *Hymen* be inclin'd.
Do not precipitate-- *Arg.* You hope in vain
By pray'r to blaſt my juſt deſigne again:
Yours I perceive, I read it in your Soul:
But *Florame's* Father now has my Parol,
Which I muſt keep; he claims you thereupon,
And ſo to morrow *Hymen* makes you One.
*Dor.* But he ſo little values me, you ſee
He hardly-- *Arg.* That, but an effect may be

Of

Of what's reported by *Orontus*, who
Is ſaid to have pretences for you too.
*Florame* alarm'd therewith, does colder prove,
Fearing his Rival, more than him you love.
From his diſturbed thoughts I gather it,
Which ſince a miſ-report does thus beget,
I ought to haſten on this Nuptial Tye,
To ſet all right, and them to ſatisfie.
Think on't, Adieu.-- I'll to his Father's run,
And there conſult what more is to be done. *Exit.*
*Dor.* In vain this man, for Huſband you'd prefer; *Alone.*
My Eyes herein, ſhall be my Counſellor:
But, *Lyſet* comes, Love take thou my defence.

## SCENE II.

### DOROTHEA, LYSET.

*Dor.* I Staid thy coming with impatience.
Well, is he found? what's his reply? tell true.
*Lyſ.* I have at once both found and loſt him too.
*Dor.* How? did he ſlight the Meſſage thou didſt tell?
*Lyſ.* You do not know him yet, ſure, very well.
He's too much vers'd in's way to blanch at that.
*Dor.* Then prethee let me know how 'tis, and what?
Didſt ſay I wait him? Shall I ſee him here?
*Lyſ.* No doubt he'll come, but pray beware a ſnare.
If you'll believe me, give him word for word;
Pay him in's own coin, but no more afford.
Engage no farther, than you finde him go.
*Dor.* What does induce thee to ſpeak of him ſo?
Is he inconſtant, falſe? *Lyſ.* That ſhall appear;
Be Judge your ſelf, pray, Madam do but hear.
I'th' ſtreet I met him in a certain place,
Who ſmiling, when he firſt beheld my Face,
Approach'd me with ſuch joy, as made me deem
His Love was noble, and deſerv'd eſteem.
This did his words confirm, for he did ſay,
He ever would to you obedience pay.

Scarce were these words pronounc'd, when I protest
A Lady coming, here's the main o'th' jest,
--He without why, or wherefore, durst presume
To sing her the same Song to the same Tune:
And without blushing, tho I stood close by,
Discours'd of Love to her most pleasantly.
*Dor.* Unworthy Man, had he the confidence
Before your Face to own a new pretence,
And mention Love to her? *Lys.* Yes, in my sight.
*Dor.* Dissembling Traytor? *Lys.* 'Tis his whole delight.
*Dor.* But, then the Lady, what became of her?
Go on. *Lys.* A long while they did there confer,
When suddenly, ('twas plotted I dare say)
They part, and each retir'd a several way.
*Dor.* And you ne're follow'd to enquire her name.
*Lys.* I would, and much I long'd to know the same;
But, then *Orontus*'s servant made me stand,
Who having pop't some Sweet-meats in my hand,
In earnest of some better thing e're long,
Promis'd me Mountains for to hold my tongue:
But I-- what do you think I am so base?
Then throwing all the Sweet-meats in his face,
*Sirra* (cry'd I) *I'll ne're prove false for these,*
*Nor do I use to sell my Mistresses:*
*If I need Money, she such plenty hath*
*In store for me, I need not break my Faith.*
Then did my courage prompt me to engage.
*Dor.* Thy Zeal does ravish me. *Lys.* I swell'd with rage.
What, I betray you? Sell you? Where's his wit?
He proffer-- *Dor.* Go, thou shalt not lose by it.
In the mean time, see my unhappy Fate,
And with what reason I did all men hate:
Since this *Orontus*, for whose Love, my Pride
And noble Haughtiness I laid aside,
Like a Dissembler does me slight and brave,
And puts on others Chains, who was my slave.
But, truly this was timely brought to light,
E're I consulted that false man to night;

Or

Or how to break this other *Hymen* aſk't.
Advice. *Lyſ.* You hope in vain, there's promiſe paſt.
Your Father urges it, and having pow'r.
*Dor.* Let him urge ſtill, I'll quaſh all in one hour.
*Lyſ.* But *Florame* has his word, his heart, his love.
*Dor.* *Florame*, at need, my help herein would prove,
Since to endeavour this our union he
Too much averſion ever met in me.
In vain theſe impotent old Parents try
Upon our wills to act their tyranny.
Each others coldneſs being mutual,
We dread not their authority at all.
But, who is't locks that door? what is't they do?

## SCENE III.

### DOROTHEA, LUCIA, LYSET.

*Luc.* PRotect me from a brother does purſue (*Her Hood down.*
To finde me out, whoſe wrath and jealouſie
For walking forth, will harſhly light on me.
In vain, by twenty turns, from ſtreet to ſtreet
I ſought to ſteal away, and he not ſpe't.
He follow'd ſtill, and keeping me in ſight,
Conſtrain'd me now, leſt on me he ſhould light,
To ſtep in here, where I your aid implore
For ſhelter, till this danger may blow o're.
See who 'tis begs. *Dor.* Ah! *Lucia* is it thee? (*She takes off her hood.*
*Luc.* 'Tis I, whoſe cruel Brothers jealouſie--
But, there he knocks, to ſave me from his frown.
Pray, feign you juſt now come in from the Town. } (*She puts her hood upon* Dorothea's *head, & runs in.*
My Hood I'll leave you. *Dor.* Hide you quickly, do.
*Luc.* In here! *Lyſ.* D'ye know? *Dor.* Open the door, go, go.
Make haſte. *Lyſ.* No matter, ſhe ſhall make it good.
*Dor.* What will he think on't? ——————

## SCENE IV.

### ERASTES, DOROTHEA, LYSET,

*Dor.* LYset, take my Hood. { *Giving her Hood to Lyset as if she newly came into the house.*

[illegible] Pardon th'intrusion; you may well suspect { *Lyset goes out with the hood, and enters agen about the latter end of the Scene.*

[illegible] both of Love to you, and of Respect.

I follow my despair, and with much pain

The storms of my just anger now refrain.

*Dor.* Your humour's much disturb'd to day, I finde:

I thought so smooth a Calm reigu'd in your minde,

That still immoveable at all events,

Your Soul no anger knew, nor discontents.

*Er.* None, but for you, caus'd by my too great Faith

And Love. *Dor.* Then I'm the object of this wrath.

*Er.* Deny, ungratefully you scorn my flame;

Deny, my Rivals happiness your shame:

What yet I saw, must Treason be confest.

*Dor.* Believe me, Sir, you rave! *Er.* But yet, at least

You will agree, since many eyes did see't,

You held discourse with him in th'open street.

*Dor.* I? *Er.* Whom I follow'd after your adieus,

Believe-- *Dor.* Your eyes-- *Er.* These eyes ne're bring false news.

But clearly to evince, and tell your shame,

It will suffice, when I *Orontus* name.

*Dor.* *Orontus!* *Er.* Yes, that Gallant was there, too,

Whom you gave audience while he courted you.

Can you deny it still? *Dor.* In troth 'tis fine, (*Aside.*

I serve my Rival, was e're Fate like mine?

*Er.* Your silence is confession. All desires

I henceforth banish, quenching all my Fires.

A most Unfaithful She, I did adore;

But Heav'ns discovery bids my heart give o're.

*Dor.* This is too rash, yet still my goodness see.

(For sure you neither know, nor speak to me.)

I pardon your blinde rage, tho gone so far
As to mistake both me, and who you are.
Think on me, whilst your tongue you fiercely whet,
And think how much you do your self forget.
*Er.* I've thought too long, and justly have accus'd--
*Dor.* What you proceed? This makes me more confus'd;
Your words so discompos'd at randome fly.
But, pray let's know, what makes you speak thus high?
*Orontus*, say you, hath my heart obtain'd.
Is it a Crime that man my love hath gain'd?
What had I promis'd you, should hinder me?
I brake no Oaths, nor Vows; my Soul was free.
If from one Letter, you this inf'rence make,
Your easiness that favour did mistake.
I love to jeast: if that will do the deed,
I'd write a hundred more such for a need.
That Paper shew'd in Mirth I much delight,
And you will finde so, if you spell it right.
*Er.* What, mock me thus? Is this the fruit at last
Of all my hopes, and all my service past?
After two years spent in devoirs and love?
*Dor.* Such devoirs sometimes do but trouble prove.
*Er.* Now your proud minde does cast off all disguise.
This shews my error, and unseals my eyes;
Go, take your swing in your unconstant will.
Leave me, and live for your *Orontus* still.
Those fetters once so soft and dear, I break,
And to keep nothing that of you does speak.
That Letter, whose allurements made me burn,
Tho once my treasure, I will back return.
*Dor.* You will oblige me, do, kinde Sir, 'tis fit.
*Er.* Yes, I'll restore it, make no doubt of it.
I'll haste home for it, Madam, stay that while. *Exit.*

## SCENE V.

### DOROTHEA, LYSET.

*Lys.* IN fine, Heaven now begins on you to smile. The

The Rival Lady, she to whom I said
The false *Orontus* new addresses made,
Is in your power: what more could Fortune do?
*Dor.* I know, yet have maintain'd her quarrel too.
*Lyſ.* I ſuffer'd hitherto, but now ſhe muſt.
*Dor.* Speak ſoftly, elſe ſhe hears, and may diſtruſt.
*Lyſ.* I'll warrant her from being now ſo neer;
She fled into the Garden out of fear.
And to return you thanks, there waits thus long,
I came now thence. *Dor.* I avenge my love and wrong,
And blaſt his baſe deſign, this remedy
I quickly -- Stay -- what's that appears to me?

## SCENE VI.

DOROTHEA, LYSET, CLITON.

*Cl.* LYſet. *Lyſ.* (to *Dor.*) 'Tis *Cliton*--Is your Maſter there? (*To* Cl. *Cl.* May he come in? *Lyſ.* Yes. *Cl.* But-- *Lyſ.* Let him not fear;
The good man's forth, tell him. *Dor.* See now *Lyſet* (Cl. *goes out.*
How both of them do fall into my net.
If from diſdain of me, their love take root,
One ſtroke may lop them both; and I will do't.
*Lyſ.* Let not fierce jealouſie bear ſo great a ſway,
But ſeek-- *Dor.* Go back, and finde out *Lucia*:
And when you gueſs *Orontus* may be here,
Lead her this way, till ſhe approach ſo neer,
That having ſtopt her, on ſome other ſcore,
She may hear all we ſay, from yonder door.
His tongue muſt prate of Love when he comes in,
And I'll return as good as he can bring.
*Lyſ.* The bait's ſo tempting, he will bite anon.
I think I hear him. *Dor.* Quickly then, be gone. (*Exit.*
He's here. ——

SCENE

## SCENE VII.

### ORONTUS, DOROTHEA, CLITON.

*Cl.* HOw Sir? *Or.* I tell thee, I, in fine
Have quitted her, and *Lyſet*'s henceforth thine.
*Cl.* In earneſt? *Or.* And in earneſt ſhall be ſtill.
*Cl.* Thanks Sir, now puſh your fortunes where you will.
*Or.* How dear ſoever I this favour prize, (*To* Dor.
Yet, from your goodneſs this regret does riſe,
That here expected by you, it may chance
Breed doubt which brings me love or camplaiſance.
For your commands may ſeem to make it prove
More my obedience, than an act of love.
*Lyſ.* Madam, a Gentleman is there you ſee. } *Appearing at the door with* Luc. *whom ſhe obliges to retire a ſtep or two.*
Stay. *Luc.* (aſide) 'Tis *Orontus*; Ah! falſe man, 'tis he!
*Dor.* While you ſurprize me by your Complement (*To* Or.
With art enough, you my complaints prevent.
But, ſay your ſelf, what ſhall I now believe?
*Or.* My Joy's ſo great, you may the truth perceive.
*Dor.* I doubt 'tis art. *Or.* ſmall reaſon in this caſe.
*Dor.* A treacherous Soul oft hath a ſmiling face.
*Or.* To be ſecure, this a ſafe way will prove;
Aſk your own heart, that knows how I do love.
*Dor.* It owns no ſecrets. *Or.* More than you confeſs:
Vouchſafe to hear it, it will ſpeak no leſs.
Beſides which, my Devoirs my love ſets forth.
*Dor.* Which being forc'd, are but of little worth.
*Or.* The Homage paid thoſe Eyes which rule my heart,
Are they eſteem'd a force then, on your part?
That love which no ſelf-intereſts defile,
That has no droſs, no mixture, nought that's vile.
*Dor.* You ſet it highly forth. *Or.* Have I not cauſe,
Since 'tis your Vertue only gives it laws?
Your worth, the only motive comprehends
Of my true love; and ſuch love's without ends.

*Dor.* I may presume it then, to be long liv'd;
This rare, this noble birth from me deriv'd;
For though the pow'r of time most pow'rful be,
Can that e're make me cease from being me?
*Or.* It were great wrong both to my Faith and Will,
To doubt my Love were not immortal still.
*Dor.* You speak so lavishly, I justly fear,
Lest some surprizal you intended here.
*Or.* Does my Sincerity suspition give?
*Dor.* They hazard much, that lightly do believe.
*Or.* Hopes founded on great Merits, may be said
By being limited to be betraid.
Such ought from so firm rules not to depart,
Which lays a claim to every noble heart.
*Dor.* From thence it comes, soon as your Eyes give fire,
You conquer ev'ry Object you desire.
*Or.* From hence it is with little fear I do
See others under-hand, attempting you.
I serve you out of love, *Erastes* out
Of gain; your Eye-sight's good, what need I doubt?
*Dor.* Your merits do presage, you cannot fail;
Set against him, you must o'reweigh the scale.
*Or.* Go as it will, my self I'll satisfie;
Those shall deserve my care, that will comply:
Or if another choice they shall pursue,
Th'rough their own folly, my Faith bids adieu.
*Dor.* Such weakness in my choice shall never be;
This sly reproach is it address'd to me?
*Or.* Your love's too scrupulous, I'll tell ye true.
Such general terms do not reflect on you. (fear
But, I hear noise! *Dor.* (as astonished) Where is't? *Or.* You seem to
And look-- *Dor.* I lookt about for *Lyset* here;
I thought I saw her. *Or.* So you might. I say--
*Dor.* What is become of her? *Or.* She's gone this way;
I'll go and call her. *Dor.* Gods! what would you do? } *Feigning to with-*
*Or.* Shew a small proof of my great Zeal for you. } *hold him.*
*Dor.* Still with your Love suspition does appear.
But, know, if any person were hid there

Without

Without my leave, perhaps my woman may--
*Or.* That you are guilty, Madam, who dares ſay?
This time you ſpeak againſt your ſelf, I ſee.
*Dor.* I've cauſe to fear your prying jealouſie
Since yeſterday you ſtuck the ſame reproach.
*Or.* Pray do but cauſe your woman to approach.
*Dor.* And under that pretence your doubts begin (*Still holds him.*
To-- *Or.* Then permit-- *Cl. Eraſtes* is within.
Put on Sir, make the naked truth appear;
Perhaps 'tis *Lyſet*'s t'other Huſband's there!
*Dor.* Well, do your pleaſure, Sir, but after this.
*Or.* Y'are much alarm'd.-- *Lyſet!* ——

## SCENE VIII.

### ORONTUS, DOROTHEA, LUCIA, LYSET, CLITON.

*Luc.* AH! here ſhe is! } *Diſcovering herſelf*
Take courage man, Fate cannot be withſtood. } *ſuddenly to* Or.
*Cl.* Cheapners enough, this Market muſt be good. (*Aſide.*
*Or.* What unexpected Lab'rinth am I in! (*To* Cl.
*Cl.* Your Wit's a Clue, will guide you out agin.
*Luc.* (to *Or.*) Well, faithleſs Lover! *Dor.* Lover ſo untrue!
*Luc.* What turn by turn your heart thus ſhar'd 'twixt two?
*Dor.* Inconſtant! *Luc.* Perjur'd! *Dor.* Scornful! *Luc.* Flat'ring! Nay--
*Dor.* Ungrateful! *Luc.* Traytor! *Or.* Have ye more to ſay?
*Luc.* After ſo many Vows, without pretence--
*Cl.* Maſter, for fear o'th' worſt, let's e'en pack hence:
Should theſe fly on's as ſome ſhe-Dragons do
Adieu, Gallants, to Man and Monſieur too.
*Dor.* In fine, the truth, in ſpite of all your ſkill--
*Or.* Pray, let me hear th'Indictment, if you will.
*Dor.* Can you demand yet, what your Crime ſhould be?
*Or.* Yes, having not the gift of Propheſie.
*Luc.* Deny theſe Treaſons are ſo evident,
Shews you not falſer now, than impudent.

*Or.* Do not pass sentence, e're you name the Crime.
*Dor.* You never told me that your heart was mine?
That you those Oaths and Vows would ne're forget?
*Or.* I'll swear all this agen, I love ye yet.
*Luc.* Can you love her, false Man, so oft did say,
Nay, swear, your heart did yield to *Lucia?*
And that-- *Or.* All this I'll still make good, and more.
*Luc.* Love me? *Or.* Yes, you. *Dor.* And me? *Or.* I still adore.
*Luc.* Mark but his confidence, though both are by?
*Or.* In vain my love for you, I should deny,
Too well you know me not to claim a part.
*Dor.* Why Court you me then, if she have your heart?
*Or.* For love. *Dor.* What love? *Or.* True love. *Dor.* True love, how so?
*Or.* Why, true love, Madam, does from Reason flow.
And Reason tells me where soe're I see
Beauty (like pow'r) it must adored be.
Thus whilst in each of you such Charms I meet,
I equally am drawn to baits so sweet.
Nor can you blame me for't, since whilst I do
Her Beauty prize, I pay yours worship too.
*Dor.* But, since you first or last must chuse, let's see
Who you'll prefer? *Or.* That still must secret be.
*Dor.* Come, come, you must declare. *Or.* No,-- for in brief,
I fear the she I leave would die for grief.
*Luc.* Sir, you may chuse elsewhere, as you like best.
Truly, you well deserve all this contest.
*Or.* Nay, if you're thus indifferent, here I'll vow
My constant Love. I'm *Dorothea's* now.
*Luc.* The mighty prize I yield with willing minde.
*Or.* Had I declar'd for you, you'd speak more kinde.
*Luc.* Her Fortune's great, it cannot be deni'd.
*Or.* Disgrace is still attended with false Pride.
And yet the loss perhaps breeds trouble too.
You to whom henceforth, all my love is due, (*To* Dor.
Believe-- *Dor.* This sudden change admits of doubt.
*Or.* Your Wit, on second thoughts, will make it out.
Since your more great deserts do you prefer.
*Dor.* Your various humour makes me fear you erre.
You swear to every one. *Or.* The Mode, you see:
But as I am, try how you like of me.

SCENE

## Scene IX.

### ARGANTE, ORONTUS, FLORAME, ERASTES, DOROTHEA, LUCIA, LYSET, CLITON.

*Er.* HEre is your Letter, which I would alledge; (*To* Dor.
But how my Sister here? *Arg.* Her faith I'll pledge. (*To* Flor.
I'm Father. *Flor.* O! but rather than constrain--
Your coldness gives me just cause to complain.
If false reports alone disturb your minde,
Or 'cause *Orontus* you in presence finde:
Know, that which brings him's *Lucia*'s love, for I--
*Luc.* Sir, what you speak of me, I must deny,
My love's beyond *Orontus*'s hopes so far--
*Flor.* Then suffer me, at this time to declare, (*To* Arg.
That having dar'd at *Lucia*'s Bed to aim,
The honour of your Sonship would be vain.
Nor can I, Sir, accept of it at last.
But here's *Erastes*. *Er.* No, the Dice is cast;
To love that false one, I shall ne're accord.
But, Sir, to you, that I may keep my word,
Lead home my Sister, you th' effect shall see.
*Flor.* Adieu,-- don't envy my prosperitie. (*To* Arg.

## Scene X.

### ARGANTE, ORONTUS, DOROTHEA, LYSET, CLITON.

*Arg.* WHat means all this? Does *Lucia Florame* love? (*To* Or.
And is not she the Object you approve;
With whom this night caught in your Love-designe,
You leap'd their Garden-wall, and came to mine?
*Or.* Sir, 'tis high time I should you disabuse;
Know therefore, only Love shap'd that Excuse.
*Arg.* What meet my Girl by night, and both to dare--
*Or.* Pray make no trouble. *Arg.* You shall Marry her.

*Or.*

*Or.* I must consent to Wed at last, for I
Have no way else to end this Comedy.
*Dor.* Bring you to Marriage! Who could this fore-show?
*Or.* Thine ends my Part, and it must needs be so.
*Cl.* Yet the Conclusion will imperfect be
To winde up all, *Lysset* should Marry me.
*Dor.* Do'st love her? *Cl.* I die for her! *Dor.* Then she's thine.
*Cl.* (to *Lys.*) My pretty One! *Lys.* Not yet, the choice is mine;
Canst thou maintain me like a Damsel fair?
*Cl.* Yes, sure. *Lys.* Hast thou wherewith? *Cl.* Take you no care.
*Lys.* Who will secure me? *Cl.* He (pointing to *Or.*) *Or.* I'll do't, give o're.
*Lys.* First let's the Money count, then I'll say more.

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